

Halo: Forerunner Powers

by Timelong

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Summary: After the destruction of Halo, the Master chief is teleported by 343GS to a new land. Needing to find a way to get back to earth, it means earning the trust of the locals. They seem to have a strange power with them. HaloEragon crossover. edited. R&R

1. a slightly annoying, nagging feeling

AN: This is my first fic, and my sister who is beta-ing for me claims I have no writing style, so please R&R. Flames accepted if you really wish to flame me.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or Eragon. Bungie owns halo, and Microsoft bought Bungie. Eragon is owned by the author and who ever published it.

Warning: Some OOCness and may contain some swearing. I am still not sure weather to have it or not. Set in Halo 1. Sorry Halo 2 fans.

Chapter 1: a slightly annoying, nagging feeling

Master Chief's POV (Set in level 343 GS in Halo 1)

Master Chief walked silently through the metal building that he was led into in search of Captain Keyes. This instillation was very disturbing. For one, he didn't see any Elites ever since he left the Control Room aboard Echo 419's Pelican Dropship. As for the Covenant that were there, their numbers were very small. Composed of only Grunts and a few Jackals, they all had their backs to him. They were all facing the inside of the building, not to the outside for intruders. Master Chief started wondering weather to ditch the mission as he walked past two grunts he had just felled. It just didn't feel right to continue with the mission. Every now and then he could hear some sort of soft, squishy noise from somewhere inside. Cortana's last words to him weren't very encouraging.

(Flashback, end of ACR level)

Cortana put her hands on her head in confusion. "Oh, those Covenant fools, they must have known. There must have been signs. The weapons cacheâ€¦ it's not reallyâ€¦ Captain! You must stop the Captain!"

(End of Flashback)

Master Chief continued on, eliminating the very small resistance he met. He went through another set of doors and felt a pistol shot hit him.

"Stay back! Stay back! You're not turning me into one of those things! Get away from me you freak!" A crazed marine was pushing himself hard against the wall behind him and shot with fear, and definitely no aim.

That's enough now!" Master chief moved quickly and grabbed the pistol out of the fear-induced Marine. "I suggest you head topside and wait for evac when I come back. It's up that way."

Now the urge to leave ASAP was really strong. As Master Chief walked around the pillar the Marine hid behind, he heard the marine say, almost to himself, "I played dead, that's what I did, played dead. They took the rest: Mendoza, Jenkins, Sarge. I played dead and they didn't take me".

(Author stayed near the marine for a long time in the actual game. You will get bored if you listen till that part, but if you want to hear how it actually is, then go ahead)

Master Chief continued forward with a thousand butterflies in his stomach. Eventually, he came upon a locked door. As soon as he got to it, the very loud squishing noise intensified behind him. As if to add more uneasiness, he felt like he had a bunch of eyes on him (If you can tell where this is going). He quickly turned around to see if there was anyone. There weren't anybody there. In fact, if he felt right, someone was watching him from above, in the air. He had no choice. Master Chief hit the UNSC standard code hacker keypad on the door, which opened to deposit a dead marine on him.

Master Chief went to an area littered with spent shell casings and fallen rifles. Dried pools of blood could be seen all over the place. He went over to a fallen helmet. JENKINS was stenciled on it. He extracted the small memory chip and played it on his HUD.

The chip first played mostly routine stuff, until they got to a horribly muddled Covenant Elite. Then, the team went into the room the Master Chief was in. There, the team was ambushed by podlike, squidish creatures.

The recording suddenly ended, saying that Wallace A. Jenkins was KIA.

As Master Chief got his Assault Rifle, the creatures from the recording flooded the room and attacked.

Eragon's POV

Eragon didn't have a clue about what he was dreaming. A nightmare, if nothing less. He saw a metallic green armored figure moving across a building made of metal. The figure was holding some sort of wide, rectangular pole, with a smooth triangle on it, made of metal. Whenever he met some birdlike creatures, or other, dwarf, like creatures, but with masks instead of beards and wearing armour, he produced light from the end of the pole he was holding, and the creatures would fall dead, spurting blood. It was as though the pole was some sort of magical staff.

Then the figure came to a door, but stopped. He quickly turned around, and backed a little to the door. Eragon watched as the figure looked directly at _him_.

If Eragon were awake, he would have frozen in place. But this was a vision, and he couldn't do anything but watch as the figure opened the door, which dropped a dead human on the figure. The figure caught the human and put him on the ground, which was red with blood.

The figure got some sort of Metallic Square from a brown helmet, which had some writing on it saying JENKINS. The figure inserted the square into his head and Eragon heard, but didn't see anything. Either way he couldn't understand anything said.

First, came some very unfamiliar and unnatural music, along with some voices of people complaining. Then came some talk about some "Plasma Scourging", whatever it was, and then opening some locked door. What came next was really disturbing: One of the voices said something about a bad feeling, and then came a very hard to understand voice of someone _screaming_.

Eragon heard all of it, but it didn't make any sense:

"Captain, Sarge can you hear me?"

"What's going on soldier?"

"We got contacts! Lots of them! But, they're not Covenant!
They'reâ€¦|OHHHH!!!! aaaauuurrrrggeeeee!!!!!!"

Eragon awoke at a start at the end of the screaming.

AN: Ok, people, here it is. My first ever fanfic's R&R, you know the drill.

2. New place, who knows where

Well this is it! Chapter 2. Read what happens. R&R, you know the drill. My Writing style might change every now and then, but not in the actual story, just transitions and things like that.

Chapter 2: A new world

****Inside Longsword fighter, Halo debris field****

The Master Chief stared outside the side window of the Longsword Fighter. Halo slowly ripped apart, as the ring couldn't support itself after a section blew off when the Pillar Of Autumn burst from

engine destabilization. The Flood were gone at last.

"Did anyone else make it?" He asked Cortana.

"Scanningâ€¦ Just dust and echoes. We're all that's left." Cortana could sense the Master Chief's unease. "But we did what we had to do, for Earth. An entire Covenant armada obliterated and the flood, we had no choice. Halo, it's finished."

"No, I think we're just getting started."

The Master Chief took Cortana's chip and inserted it into the Longsword.

The Longsword silently drifted through space as it went farther and farther away from what used to be Halo (You should really see the ending cut scene for Halo 1. It's cool). The sensors, however didn't notice something the size of a soccer ball as it flew directly to the Longsword. That thing was built to evade all radar and other detection devices. Except, maybe, motion trackers. The Master Chief's tracker, however, didn't have a long enough range. The ball, actually 343 Guilty Spark, got really close the Longsword's tail, in the very small blind spot, and hacked into the Master Chief's COM channels.

"Why did you defy me, reclaimer?" Asked Spark. "You have destroyed this instillation."

The Master Chief looked frantically everywhere near the Longsword where he can see. "What the hell? What's going on, where is he?" he asked Cortana.

"The sensors aren't picking up anything. He must be far away from here."

Spark, however, didn't seem to care about the commotion he started. "The Flood cannot be stopped now if they escape the other installations, and you destroy those, too." He started to sound angry, "Your actions are not tolerated, Reclamer. You must be taken away from any possible chance of encounters with any other rings."

"More Halos?" Breathe the Master Chief. He was shocked to almost speechlessness.

Spark calmed down then. "However, you have stopped the Flood on this installation, and therefore, you will not find yourself in a Black Hole. Hahaha, I'm a genius."

The Master Chief was about to relay a message to Guilty Spark to ask him what he meant, but he noticed a golden light shimmering around him. Recognizing the light as teleportation, he tried to grab Cortana's chip, but he vanished before he can reach out to the AI pestle.

"Goodbye, reclaimer," Spark said as he plotted the coordinates for the other end of the teleportation. Normally, a teleportation requires a lot of power, something that can be gotten out of Halo's power grid. However, a lot more sentinels made it of the ring, and they donated their power for the cause. Now many sentinels were

floating pieces of scrap metal in a very robotic shape.

****Alagaesia, plains near the Spine****

****Eragon's POV****

Eragon rode Cadoc across the plains. However, he was far from paying any attention to where he was going. He was still trying to make sense of the vision he saw. He even gave it to Saphira through their mental link in hopes of having either of them understand what it was.

I don't know what it is, little one. Was all Saphira told him. _And it has no relation to any of the memories previous dragons left behind. _

In the end, Eragon asked Brom what it could have meant. He, however, was just as clueless as Saphira. Not to mention that he didn't know how to get Brom to see the actual thing. He couldn't connect with Brom's mind like he does with Saphira.

As Eragon and Brom traveled across the plains, mainly in silence, as both tried to think what the vision meant. The closest any of them got was to claim that the vision was just a dream.

Brom halted Snowfire near a creek they were crossing. "Lets stop for a while hear, we can replenish our water skins."

Eragon, however, had another idea. As he already knew how to scry, he consulted Saphira, and agreed that together, with their combined strength, would try to scry the green figure they saw. Eragon went to an area where the water flow completely stopped and muttered the scrying phrase, at the same time concentrating on the green figure. Suddenly, he felt really tired, but he got a very blurry image. It was the green figure he envisioned nevertheless. The background was white though.

"Brom!" he called. Brom came rushing and paled when he saw the reflection.

"So it's not just a dream," he breathed.

"Definitely not. You cannot scry a dream. Whoa!"

The blurry figure suddenly disappeared, only to reappear, but much clearer.

****Alagaesia, plains near the Spine****

****Master Chief's POV ****

The Master Chief felt himself stitched back together. He looked around, but didn't recognize the place he was in. He was in the middle of an open range, much like the earthen plains., but a mountain range was seen in the far left.

West? The Master Chief thought, as the inner clock was still working and he assumed the planet he was on had the same orbit style. He didn't want to get lost just because he was wrong about the direction. Either way, first thing is the first thing. He will need a

fall back position incase he went to the wrong place at the wrong time. And the ground was soft, too.

"Time to dig in" said the Master Chief happily. At least he had something to do to distract him from worrying about the middle of nowhere in the middle of nowhere. Best explanation as he can make up.

As he worked, he didn't notice the road a mile off where he was. But then, you need to know what to look for in order to see it. Once he finished his "Fort Nowhere", composed of a foxhole and a hidden weapons cache, empty, the Master Chief went to look for some things he can fortify it with. All he had on him was a near-empty clip for his assault rifle, and one dozen shells for his shotgun. Not much, to say the least. No grenades.

"Well, time to see what this place has!" said the Master Chief. "And hopefully, I'm in an human inhabited planet.

He, however, got to something both good and bad. He found a Longsword Fighter, 2 Pelican Dropships, five Warthogs, a Ghost, and a Banshee. Worse, they all had flood blood on them, meaning they somehow survived Halo blowing up. No humans or Covenant were there. As the Master Chief was wandering how they got there, a machine gun fell on his head. As he looked up, he saw golden light disappearing, the after effects of Halo's teleportation grid. The Monitor brought them there.

"Well, at east I have something for my fort. Though he didn't risk moving the vehicles, even the small Ghost, he took all the weapons and put them in his hidden weapons cache. He even dug up some machine gun emplacements, so that he will have a 360-degree angle of fire.

The work, however, left him so occupied; he didn't notice the couple of figures heading toward him. They noticed him, and they wanted to know what the green figure was doing.

(P.S. I bet you are wandering why I end in cliffhangers, well I like to! Hahaha!)

Well, this is my second chapter. Hope you liked it. R&R. You know the drill

3. Will anyone let me rest?

****Unknown anonymous figures' POV****

The figures sneaked up behind the occupied green figure. As soon as they saw that he wasn't a normal person, they silently hurried back to the rest of their clan. He looked like a very good fight. The figures (hopefully you realized they are Urgals) hurried back, swords, shields, and axes in hand.

****Master Chief's POV****

The Master Chief whistled to himself as he worked on his fallback position. He wiped his gloves clean of dirt as he finished digging his little "fort". He places the machine guns in their firing pits

and reloaded his personal stock, replacing the shotgun with a sniper rifle. Almost as soon as he pulled the bolt of his Assault Rifle, he heard a shout; one belonging to a beast, not Covenant, thankfully, and quickly jumped into his foxhole and manned a machine gun. He hesitated as he saw a group of humanoid beasts with horns on their heads. He was about to leave his foxhole to try and talk to those creatures when a black stick thing flew past his head and hit the edge of the hole.

The Master Chief recognized the stick. It was called a spear; it was called a spear; it was called a spear; an arrow! A very ancient weapon, used even before the cumbersome muskets.

"Well, ancient weapons or not, these humanoid beasts were a threat, and they are needed to be eliminated. The Master Chief opened fire on the group, right as many more crossed the hill into view.

"Dam, how many are there?" Wondered the Master Chief. As more and more of the creatures fell, many more tried to flank him. They met the same fate as the Master Chief shot two machine guns at a time along with a few rockets and grenades, it was apparent that those beasts were never in contact with such weapons. Those that got close enough to melee; it was obvious that they were very strong. Stronger than flood combat forms, even. One hit from one of those dropped his shields by half, so the Master chief had to leave his protective foxhole and fight in the open. Suddenly, he felt very pissed off. Whenever he gets a chance of rest in five days, something else comes along for a very unoriginal, loser-dies fight.

Eragon's POV, near MC's battle.

Eragon rode Cadoc, but he started to hear a few unreal noises. First, some equally spaced out thuds, all very quick, followed by loud, agonizing screams.

He turned to Brom and said "I hear some sounds up ahead, like those of battle, but different."

"How different"

See for yourself"

Brom rode up a small lump of earth and looked in the direction of the noise. Eragon rode next to him and gasped.

"By the gods above!"

Many Urgals, about a hundred, were all circling something. And that something was fighting back hard. "Saphira, get down!"

"Why?"

"Come and see."

As Saphira came to stand and watch next to them, for there were to many Urgals to fight, Eragon asked Brom "Should we help whoever is in the middle of this fray?"

Brom answered very casually, if not too casually, "Why? I don't think we want to attract any unwanted attention, there are too many. And

besides, looks like who ever is down there won't need any help anyways."

Eragon turned back to the battle right as an explosion sent about seven Urgals flying. Some more quickly filled the gap, only to fall themselves. Whoever was down there was tough indeed.

Very quickly, in fact unnaturally quickly, the remaining Urgals were all slain. The green figure from Eragon's vision stood and shouted at the last fallen urgal, a chieftain by the looks of its colorful amour. "And don't ever get up again! Give me some ret for once, OK?"

Eragon turned to Brom. "I think we should go down to that erâ€| person. He doesn't look too dangerousâ€| at least not to us. He attacked urgals."

Brom nearly laughed out loud. "You honestly think that someone that can handle a hundred Urgals will honestly sit down to talk with you, boy?"

"He does look like a human, he might just will."

Suddenly, Saphira cut in, using Eragon as her voice _we can try. In the end I will just fly you if anything goes wrong._

"We can try," Said Brom. "But we need to be very careful. There is nothing we can tell about him. Remember the vision you had." And quietly to himself, Brom added, "A strange story, indeed."

Eragon and Brom started down the small hill. Saphira started to go to the back, just in case.

4. So, where am I?

Gee, thanks for all the great reviews! Some were really good! Others wereâ€| really good.

Anyway, here it is! Chapter 4 is up and running. I will use some of your guys' advice. You will be able to spot it. Oh yeah, this was all started on a bet. Hahaâ€|

****Chapter 4: So, Where am I?****

****Somewhere, someone's POV****

*****The Urgals are disappearing all over the plains*****

*****Can the Varden have anything to do with this? ****

*****That's impossible, they cannot travel without being seen. No army can travel without being noticed.*****

*****Then find whoever is responsible, and remember, you don't want to displease me.*****

*****I won't*****

****Master Chief's POV, after the battle****

The Master Chief dragged some of the beast's corpses away from his foxhole, for they blocked most of the machine gun nests' view. He saw at the corner of his eyes another two figures, and jumped into the foxhole, grabbing an assault rifle in mid jump. He aimed it the two figures. He took his finger off the trigger as he saw that they were definitely human, not the beasts he fought just a few minutes ago.

He stepped out of the foxhole, and approached the two people, now he saw them clearly. One was young, no more than eighteen. The other one was older, about forty or fifty. He approached them, but noticed that they looked a bit uncertain. The younger one was looking side to side, looking uncertain, if even afraid. However, there was a huge chance of a language barrier. He didn't know of any earth colonies that went back to the— to the Middle Ages if he remembered correctly. This was another group of humans, outside the UNSC, and not any bandits and outlaws.

The older one approached him and held out his hand.

"Hello," he said, "I see that you've been busy."

The Master Chief hesitated for a split second. Not many ever dared to shake the hands of a Spartan. And the thought of two independent groups who never heard of each other to speak the same language? That was never heard of. As for the same rituals of daily life? That is even more unlikely. In the end, the Master Chief shook the man's hand, but very carefully.

"You don't know what being busy is."

"I doubt it."

Unknown to the Master Chief, Saphira was circling around him in order to pounce. He was holding what she saw was able to take down many Urgals. He will need to be separated from that thing should he talk with Eragon.

The Master Chief saw something flicker at the corner. He turned right as he saw something move right at him. That thing hit him in the chest and pin him to the ground.

Eragon's POV

Eragon watched as Saphira suddenly pounced on the green figure, who, as far as Eragon was concerned, was talking to Brom. He was so surprised at Saphira's reaction that he shouted out loud, "Saphira! What are you doing? Get off him!"

He was holding a lethal weapon. You need to be careful.

He wasn't using it.

He could have.

The figure tried to get up, and almost succeeded. Except that Saphira put all her weight on him in the end. Then the figure started talking, unusually calmly.

Master Chief's POV

The Master Chief was knocked to the ground. He tried to stand back up, but as he lifted his back off the ground, he was pushed back down. He heard the younger person shout at what a second's glance proved to be some kind of reptile, and knew that the younger one partially in control of it. He decided that the lizard that was holding him down could understand English,

"You know, you are being quite rude. Proper manners will allow me to stand up.

The lizard looked at him and roared.

The Master Chief looked at it. "You really need to learn some manners before I forget mine. Chose wisely please."

Eragon's POV

Saphira used Eragon as her mouthpiece. Eragon used the third person anyways.

"Saphira wants you to get rid of your weapons before she will get off you."

"Tell that lizard of yours you call Saphira to get off me first, or I won't be able to comply."

Saphira got off the green armored person and he set down his unusual weapon, along with another, similar, long one. He also set down four tan balls with metal rings and four blue balls with yellow markings.

Eragon wasn't paying attention to the items. He wanted to straighten things out with the person he had just insulted Saphira, and through her, him.

"The Lizard is a dragon. So you better watch out."

Brom gave Eragon a dirty look, but the green person looked at Saphira and Eragon and back again.

"A what? Dragons aren't supposed to exist. I suppose you will tell me that magic exists, those two always come together."

Brom muttered something and a tree burst into flames. The figure suddenly stiffened visibly.

"So it does exist?"

"Aye"

"You mean yes"

"What?"

"Never mind, slang difference"

"What's slang?"

"Difference in the same language. Now tell me, where am I?"

"Alagaesia"

"What planet is it on?"

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Do you know about the UNSC?"

"No"

"So long then. I need to find another way back to earth."

"I don't know what your talking about, but good luck. What is your name, anyway?"

"I don't use a name"

"What do people call you?"

"Master Chief, or Chief for short."

"I'm Brom."

"And I'm Eragon. Well, we have to go"

Eragon and Brom wet back to the road leaving the chief alone near his armed hole. After a short while, Saphira followed them.

****Well, here from this point on, the POVs will blend in.****

The Master Chief looked at Brom and Eragon as they moved away. There was no point in staying in the foxhole, so he ran back to the vehicles he left behind. He planned to follow them in a warthog, but he will need to come prepared anyways. There was no telling what was ahead. Eragon and Brom weren't lightly armed either, considering their low technological abilities. But they can avoid needing technology, for he saw that they had magic. Or what passed to be Magic. The Chief didn't want to consider such a thing possible. If the Covenant found out? Earth will fall in less than a day.

He hopped into a warthog and was startled to find a makeshift glove compartment. It was filled with memory chips that all contained one thing: Music, of all centuries' from earth and its colonies. They might come in handy, at least to help him keep his sanity. He drove back and came to the road. There he turned south, away from the mountains. Time to let the future of this new/old land to unravel itself.

AN: Well, this is chapter four. The ending is lousy, but I couldn't think of a way to improve it. Later on the Chief will finally join with Eragon and Brom, and possibly, some characters from Halo.

5. Yazuac

****I don't own any of the characters here. Don't sue. I forgot to put this on other chapters.****

****Chapter 5: Yazuac****

*****The enemies have evaded us.*****

*****We are tracking them with everything we got*****

*****You better be*****

****Alagaesia, plains near from spine****

The Master Chief drove his warthog, which now carried all the extra ammo the chief was able to get. The road was very dull, and sleep was very tempting, but it wasn't even night yet. The chief needed to follow Eragon and Brom anyways. They can provide some clues. The GPS worked, which was very odd. The satellite radio and all other equipment also worked. How strange.

Up a few miles ahead, Saphira landed next to Eragon.

Your friend here has decided to follow us.

I don't think he will cause much trouble; he is new to this land. I don't see how, but no one else is as clueless as him. But we need to be careful just the same.

Hey, look! A town.

That was random.

A few hours later, Eragon and Brom came to Yazuac. The town was remote and empty.

"That town doesn't look good."

"Something might have happened to it."

"Lets go see then, we need supplies, anyway."

The Master Chief looked through his binoculars. Odd that the warthog was outfitted with so many things he needed. Loads of ammo and supplies, he can live a year off of what he found. Except, maybe, if he was blowing off ammo the whole time. He saw Eragon and Brom enter a town. They didn't bring the dragon along. Some minutes passed without incident, but suddenly he saw more of those beasts he fought. He quickly switched to the sniper rifle and surveyed the area more closely. The beasts went into the town. With the greater zoom, the Chief saw something he never hopes to see again. A pile of corpses was in the center of the town. He barley saw Eragon vomit over the side of his horse. The beasts turned the corner and attacked Eragon and Brom. They split and Eragon and Brom, and one bashed Brom really hard.

The Chief quickly ran to a better position and set his sniper rifle with just enough firing room to see that Eragon was cornered by six of the beasts. No time to waste, he shot four of them. By then Eragon already had his bow ready and was readying the bow, and the Chief watched as Eragon shouted something, and the arrow he released flew with a blue flame, which took out the other two. Eragon slumped on the ground, and as the Chief ran to the town, the dragon flew above

his head.

Eragon could hardly stand, but he managed to stumble back to Cadoc, and place Brom on Snowfire. As soon as he left the walls of Yazuac, he saw the chief running toward him. He was holding a long, slender weapon. Saphira was standing next to him.

What happened in there? Is Brom OK?

I think so. The wound looks bad, but it might be better than it looks.

_Might. _

â€|

The chief took one look at Brom, and quickly got out a med kit. Eragon looked at it, like it was some sort of poison.

"â€|What are you doing? What is it, anyways?"

"Something that will help," Not much of a reply. The Chief got out some antiseptic, and after applying it to the wound, added some biofome and sealed it with a bandage. "Now we only need time for it to heal."

"What about supplies? We still need some."

"Actually, there is no I in we, but there is no you or me either, so I guess I'll have to go with you, for I have nowhere else to go."

"You'll need a set of normal clothing. Your unusual amour sticks out too much."

"I don't have anything else."

"Nothing?"

"No."

"We can get some at the next town."

"Fine."

Brom started waking up from his unconsciousness. Eragon went over to him. Saphira gave the Chief a look before hobbling over to Eragon. The Chief shouted to Eragon, "And don't expect me to ditch any of my stuff! Nor do I trust your dragon!"

"She's called Saphira!"

"Whatever."

And so is the story of how The Master Chief joined Eragon in his quest. More is to come.

Sorry it took a long time to update! School is bad.

6. Road to Teirm

****Chapter 6: Road To Teirm****

*****Who has killed my Urgal army?*****

*****I know not of one capable of such a feat.*****

*****Than be gone and do not report back to me until you find those responsible.*****

The Master Chief, Eragon, and Brom traveled down the road in the plains. The Chief was very curious about Eragon and Brom, but mostly about Alagaesia in general. The part he couldn't get at all was how humans existed outside of some UNSC and were not all "glassed" by something called the Covenant. The technological difference was really frightening apparently. Eragon and Brom were in some kind of "Middle age," where knight in amour and kings ruled the land. The Chief claimed his armor is different, a new kind. Eragon and Brom gladly told of Alagaesia's past and present, but when Eragon tried to get into the chief's past, he simply grunted and turned away. All he said about is was:

"You'll learn soon enough, but you will be happier if you don't."

The Chief openly taught "driving" lessons on his thing he used for transportation, which Eragon learned was a M12 LRV, or Warthog for short. Driving was very difficult, but it was less bumpy. His only point of caution: "Don't crash". He sat in the right seat. Brom claimed he was too old to drive. When riding a horse, the Chief flatly refused openly to get on an "animal that has at most one horsepower." Nor did he try to fly Saphira; "I would rather be in a burning HEV pod than riding something with its own mind."

A really nice attribute in the Warthog was the radio, which the Chief inserted odd squares, and music would start playing. The bad ones were put somewhere in the back. The caused Eragon to look around panicky the first time, for he believed that a group was nearby and they would be spotted, but then, the music didn't sound like anything he had heard before. That gave the Chief a nice laugh, so did Brom. Saphira, sharing the mentallink with Eragon, thought they were spotted and rushed to the rescue, only to find out that there was nobody around. That got her mad enough to jump on Eragon and force him to ride her a lot more often. The whole time, "Yoda," by some Weird Al person, was playing from the loudspeakers in the Warthog. (What? I aint do nothing wrong. I just doing my job. Don't bother me).

Eragon turned away sheepishly, "Stupid radio," he muttered.

"See what I mean about riding her? I don't want that to happen to me."

All to soon, the group reached Daret. It was unanimously agreed that the Chief and Saphira would stay behind, for they would cause a lot of commotion. Eragon and Brom would go into the town and get necessary supplies, along with an outfit for the chief so that he will be able to blend in better. He also insisted on some soft leather, intensions remained a secret.

Eragon and Brom entered Daret. The chief put an earpiece in them so that they can hear him over the radio. Eragon wanted to take it off, it was uncomfortable. The first thing they noticed is that while empty, Daret didn't look pillaged like Yazuac was. Brom started to say something, when a voice shouted,

"Halt! Who goes here?" Wagons were dumped on the road, blocking the way. About twenty archers stood up from their hiding areas on the rooftops.

The chief whispered through the earpiece, "Don't do anything, I'm getting a better position to cover you. This might not be so good."

Eragon fought back an answer, and gave a silent prayer to his face for not giving anything away.

Brom answered, "We are simple travelers, seeking supplies."

"Then why are you armed for battle?"

"These are troubling times. We had a few run-ins with Urgals. I do believe that they caused you to go to these measures?"

"They have, did you send them?"

No, they destroyed Yazuac, and stragglers attacked us when we visited."

"Very well, tell me what supplies you need and I will send a man to bring them here. You will not move."

Brom told the man of all the supplies they needed. The man sent another to get them.

As for the Urgals, some of our friends were in Yazuac, if you can tell others to help us fight them, it would be greatly appreciated. Our citizens do not wish to move, and the Urgals are steadily coming in greater numbers. Any help would be greatly appreciated."

Brom replied casually, "We will, don't worry. Though I doubt that help will come quick enough, even if it is sent."

"We will hope and pray for the best. Here come our supplies. Take them and leave."

Brom and Eragon collected the supplies and rode out of the town, feeling a lot of eyes glued on them. They soon got to the meeting spot, or rendezvous point as the Chief called it. Saphira and the Chief were waiting for them.

"I can tell all went well. Good thing I didn't have to get my hands dirty." said the Chief. "You got everything?"

"Yes."

Saphira wasn't so casual.

If you were attacked, little one.

But I wasn't

It's not the same. You must prepare.

During Eragon's and Saphira's little conversation, the Chief was changing into the clothing he got. He had very pale skin, but that wasn't what he minded. It was something very different, and much more lame, in Eragon's opinion.

"Now I know what to never be: A civilian. These clothes feel loose and weak. I really feel unprotected in these. Oh well. Where are going next? Not staying here, I hope."

Brom answered for Eragon, "No, we will pursue the Ra'zac. In case you don't know, they like to hunt humans."

"Oh, very funny."

The group traveled along the road for about a week longer. By then, Saphira forced Eragon to abandon driving the 'hog to flying her. One day, Eragon was flying when suddenly, Brom and the Chief noticed that the Tracks had disappeared. Brom called Eragon back, and they searched for the tracks. They found them circling a lot of prints similar to those of dragons'. The Ra'zac flew off, or it was assumed. Eragon found a round bottle. Some liquid dripped on his finger and burned it.

"Look at what I found. But watch out, it will-"

Brom looked at him. "-Burn your finger, I know. That's Seithr Oil. Burns through flesh, but not anything else. It's the perfect assassination tool. At least, this form is. The natural form is used for polishing pearls and wealthy jewelers, but not many can afford lots of it."

Eragon suddenly got an idea. "Why don't we go to a trade city and check out the shipping records. Any city with an unusual amount will be suspicious, if the oil is expensive."

Brom brightened up when hearing that. "Excellent idea. If I had thought of that, it would have saved me many headaches. I know just the city. Teirm, it is called, and I have friend there who is a merchant. He will be able to help us out. Though I hope he will recognize me. We have not seen each other in years."

The Chief came out from wherever he was. He also had one of those weird bottles. He also had time to change from the clothing he wore, to normal marine issue fatigues. He was able to paint them, (Don't ask how please) to match normal clothing, but they felt better than the old stuff.

"This is the same thing. All the same, it doesn't smell very nice."

"At least you didn't spray it on yourself. Would have burned right through you."

"Humor, humor. It never ends, does it? No such thing can exist."

"This one does. It is formed when the natural oil is given a blood sacrifice and certain words spoken over it. It will burn any flesh, but will pass through anything else. I do believe I have just said this before."

"So, more magic, anyways, you didn't tell that to me. Whatever lets get going. Chitchat will not get us anywhere."

Eragon nearly tripped at that remark. "Don't you ever slow down?"

"No, why should I? Except for sniping, slowing down is lethal."

Now, It is pointless writing down the argument that Eragon and the Chief had afterwards, for it doesn't bring the story anywhere. However it is useful to say that in the end, Eragon, Brom, and the Chief went by road, back to the Spine, while Saphira flew overhead.

The Spine slowly drew nearer as the miles piled up. The chief managed to produce a nuclear fission engine for the warthog, and the worry about fuel vanished. He also intensively tried to crack the Teleportation grid that connected the whole universe. Good thing the Hog's computer somehow captured the Monitor's calculations for teleporting all the stuff and the Chief to Alagaesia. Eragon flew Saphira every day, and Brom taught him magic. The Chief couldn't use magic, so he didn't bother learning. The tie provided great opportunities to solve the place's mysteries. One was how satellite radio and the GPS worked. The answer came one night. Eragon saw a fast moving star, and asked Brom what it was. The chief was the one with the answer.

"That's a spy satellite, roughly five miles above the surface of this planet. There are more, or the GPS won't work."

"GPS?"

"Global Positioning System. This one uses the spy satellite's topography to show were we are. In this case," he pointed at the screen in the warthog, "Here. And base on what you said, I Found Teirm. See?"

"Wow. Hey, Brom, Check this out!"

The GPS soon turned very useful, as the satellites stumped Brom. They look like stars, but they don't tell you where you are by looking at them. The Spine was crossed at the Toark River. Soon, the walled city was revealed. They have arrived.

This is Chapter 6! R&R. You know the drill.

7. Teirm

****Chapter 7: Teirm****

I have read some of your reviews, some were really good, and some wereâ€| really good. You have asked some questions. I'm going to answer them. Not all.

1: This is not a combat zone. I hardly think the Chief considers humans as threats. After all, he fought for humans for three decades. Anyways, he needs to fit in more. _And_ the marine uniforms are made with Kevlar, which is used to stop bullets. So it is as good as any other armour that is needed.

2: The Hog engine was already there. Just needed a few adjustments. If you played Halo 1 or Halo 2, than you will notice that the Halo 1 hog has an electric engine, and has no exhaust pipe. That filters out fuel, biofuel, and hydrogen. All that is left that I can thing off is a small nuclear power source, like that powering the amour's shields. If you don't know, nuclear power lasts decades, so that gets rid of fuel problems. But there can be others...

3: (What I don't get): How did a satellite come to orbit? The story already said: 343 GS sent it there.

4:MC is not going to become a rider no matter what. Even if I get bribed I still won't change it. Try me.

Anyways, Chapter 7, here it is.

We have found him, my lord.

Excellent. Where is he?

In Gil'ead, along with the elf. We are currently trying to extract information out of him. He isn't very talkative. Also, we believe he is from outside the Empire, or even the Varden. They don't have anything like the person we found.

***Find out what you need. When you will, crush our enemies."**

Eragon, Brom, Saphira and the chief stopped about a mile away from Teirm. Once there, they discussed who would go in. Brom and Eragon were a given, Saphira reluctantly agreed that it was best for her to stay on the hill. The Chief was the main problem. He needed to see how people in Alagaesian cities acted like, but he had a severe dialect problem. Neither he nor the others were ready to switch from using "yes" to "aye" or the other way. The Chief might slip something, and then they would be caught for sure. His unusual size also played a key role. He stood at least a head higher than most people, and that can arouse suspicion. Although he managed to change his clothing to look natural cotton, someone with a good eye will see it's a fake.

The solution came after loads of arguing and many flared tempers. It came from Saphira.

There is a way that the Chief won't have to go, but still see everything. I will be able to too.

How?

Remember Daret, with the thing in your ear that aloud you to talk with him.

_How will sound let you see? _

If he has something that shows the world too, you can use it.

I'll ask him.

"Hey, Chief? You got any of those noise amplifier things?"

"They're not amplifiers but, yeah, I got some."

"How about some that will allow you to see too?"

"Brilliant! I'll go and search for any. I do believe I have a few, for they come standard with all Marine helmets, along with a few replacement units."

The Chef went off to the hidden warthog, and after a minute of searching, came back with three of the cameras. They were turned off, but after a bit of fiddling with the battery packs, both Brom and Eragon were showing what they were looking at on the screen on the warthog that normally displays battle info. They also recorded sound, which is always useful. Although they usually glow green, they can be tuned to be clear, for the green means the night vision is on. Along with small battery packs, they can be hidden to record anything a person sees without being betrayed by a nice bright green square.

Soon, Eragon and Brom were riding down the road, so that they can come and be seen by Teirm's guards as though they came from the road. It was planned that Brom would disguise himself as Neal, and Eragon would be Evan. That, along with some really good acting got them into Teirm without incident.

The Master Chief motioned to Saphira to follow him, and went over o a hill a ways off, overlooking Teirm, but far enough to be a good hiding place. Seeing that Eragon and Brom got in safely, he got out a shovel, the second most important tool for a soldier, and started digging three foxholes, along with an extra large one for Saphira, and trenches connecting them. When he was finished, near the end of the day, Saphira returned from hunting, and when she landed, she twisted her neck to explore the trench work.

Setting down the shovel, the Chief looked at Saphira and said casually, "And that, my scaly friend, is called a trench. The deeper holes are called foxholes. They can survive a nice shelling if done correctly. The big one should fit you just fine, though normally this design is filled with sandbags so that a fire team can look out for trouble."

Saphira settled down into her "nest". Watching her carefully, the Chief made a cup of coffee. He waited far to long, and he needs to see if anyone else from the UNSC somehow made it out to here. Even the Covenant won't be such a bad idea. If they brought a ship into the atmosphere, all he will need to do is take over it and get out.

As soon as Saphira was asleep, the Chief waved his hand in front of her to make sure; he went over to the radio in the warthog. He set it to the standard "E" frequency of all UNSC personal. All he received was static.

Picking up a set of headphones, he checked on Brom and Eragon. Eragon was silent, but Bro was talking to an old man.

"If Eragon was to go directly to the Varden, he will be in great danger from their politics. They'll tear him apart. And then, there is the Chief, the new person with all the different weapons and transportation. He can't even use a sword properly or ride a horse. Speaking of him, if you will excuse meâ€¦"

The Chief saw the cam ping picked by Brom and set on a wooden table, viewing side down.

"No, you don't," he muttered. He was too slow as something big and heavy hit the chip, sending a very loud and teeth-grinding squeal through the headphones. "Aaahhh!" Shouted the Chief, dropping the headphones and rubbing his ears.

"Any UNSC forces, respond," he quietly said into the speaker. Nothing. Pure static. The Chief set the radio back to its holder in the warthog. Just in time, for Saphira woke up. She went off to the cliff edge and the Chief saw that Eragon was running towards them. Brom wasn't with him, and Eragon was without a horse. Caution still led the Chief to pick up the assault rifle and look toward Teirm. Saphira went to the edge of the cliff and looked down. The Chief also looked down. Eragon started climbing the cliff. There were plenty of handholds, but Eragon seemed to go to the worst possible place. About ten feet from the top, he finally got stuck.

"Need any help?"

"Yeah."

"Sorry to tell you, but your to far off to reach. You know, you somehow managed to choose the worst possible rout. I am amazed."

"Yeah, Saphira already told me that. Now stop talking. I can get out of this area."

"And how are you going to that, Einstein? I tell you, you're stuck. Normally you are supposed to look for the best rout first, then you climb."

Saphira hurdled off the cliff, did a loop in the air, grabbed Eragon, and pulled him up. Eragon looked at the hill and saw all the trench work and foxholes. "What happened here?"

"Nothing, but the ground can provide very good cover if used properly. I used one of these," he pointed at a foxhole, "to take out all those Urgals where you met me. You know, you do have a large chance of leaving Teirm with soldiers chasing you," he gave Eragon a stern look. Eragon blushed and went to sit and chat with Saphira on the cliff edge and watching the sunset.

The Chief unattached the radio in the warthog and set it on the ground near Eragon and Saphira. He plopped down beside them and inserted "Peril" into the chip slot. As it played quietly from the speakers, Eragon said that he needed to go so that he won't get locked out from Teirm.

The Chief hurried to the warthog and grabbed a cam chip, noting the amount he had left. "Eragon, here, catch. Give it to Brom. Do tell him not to waist them like he did today. I don't have that many."

"I will, don't worry. I got to go now." To Saphira he added, _Hunt, Saphira. We will probably stay for a few days. I don't want you go hungry._

Very well. But I will hunt during the night so that no one will see me. Here, let me take you down.

Thanks.

Eragon ran the rest of the way to Teirm. He got lost a bit within the city, but was able to get to Jeod's house by nightfall. There, it was discovered that he couldn't read, but within the end of the week, they were ready to infiltrate the records keep.

During the week, Eragon visited Angela's herbal shop next to Jeod's. He used a similar trick in keeping the Chief by watching, but in this case, by putting a heavy book on it to muffle the sounds. There, he listened to his fortune, which was rather cryptic. He blessed the moment

The Chief would watch from the top of the hill and report any unusual guard movements. At the same time, using the Marine chips, he can help in searching the records, for the writing system was exactly the same.

8. So much for the chase

Chapter 8: So Much For The Chase

We have found more of those responsible. From our clues, there appears to be one more somewhere. We got four others, and last one is quiet. We should not fear him.

Are they elves or dwarves? Are the Varden responsible?

They are human. Not Varden, they can't come up with something like those we found. They are different in everything. Though they speak normal, the dialect is different. I assume it is one of the other nations, farther away. Those we don't know of, across the Haradrac desert most likely. We found quiet a handful al over the place. Many looked lost.

***You information is very useful indeed. Go and find the rider and capture him. I want him in this room before he is killed. I will take are of the other nations. Urgal regiments near the area will bond together into an army. They will cross the desert and take care of those nations. I'm sure Kull can handle this simple task."
**

Very well. I'll be gone now. I won't come back until the Rider is with me.

Do not try and read my mind. You won't like the consequences.

I do not wish to now, my Lord.

Eragon woke up not knowing where he was. He was alone, but not even Saphira was anywhere. His hand was in a splint, one of a new sort of cloth that he didn't recognize. He ate the soup that was left in a bowl near him. When he was finished, remembering Brom's explanation on scrying, he went to get some water.

Pronouncing the ancient words, he suddenly felt as though he didn't eat at all. Brom and the Chief were both on Saphira, but the background was white. The Chief was holding his long pole-like weapon, and Brom was holding a sword. Both were looking around for something under them. Whatever they were looking for was found, and the Chief aimed and shot the invisible thing four times. The weapon produced four white trails, which were hard to see for they were white on white. Eragon recognized them as the same ones as the smoke from Yazuac. The Chief frowned and looked at the inside of the weapon. Saphira hovered for a moment, Brom and the Chief all looking for the invisible target. Not finding it, Saphira took off to look for something else elsewhere. (AN: MC misses PURPOSLY, for the sake of the story, so plz don't review saying he cannot miss.)

By noon, they returned to Eragon. Brom didn't look too happy. The Chief went over to a sunny spot to disassemble his weapon. He was holding some scrap cloth, which was used to clean it. Brom motioned Eragon to follow him. Saphira went with them.

The two went off for a few minutes, and suddenly Brom stopped and turned on Eragon, furious. "What were you thinking?" He asked. "Why did you try to toss a dozen Urgals all the way to Teirm? It would have been easier to send a rock through each of their heads. Or even break their spines."

"It didn't feel right to kill them there. They said something about a master. I told them that I don't care what the master does, but I won't join him."

"What did feel right? To get killed instead? I suppose it would have been better to get them angry and weaker first. Because of your trick, two still got away. They know about you and now there are two Urgals running around spreading stories on the new Rider. As for talking, you have just insulted the most powerful person in the world. You don't even deserve the title of Rider anymore, Boy."

Brom went away, back to the camp. The Chief was still cleaning his weapon. The radio was playing softly nearby. The Chief was wearing an odd smile, as though he had heard everything. "You know, shouting like that can be heard by a deaf man across the globe," he said.

So apparently he did hear. Brom grinned at the joke. "I doubt that a deaf man can here anything."

"Oh, I wouldn't bet on that. They tend to hear things that they shouldn't. You were a bit harsh on the boy. How many incidents of actual combat did he experience before?"

"Just once, and there were only two Urgals."

"You mean in that pillaged town? That's not much of experience being

gained, two Urgals up close."

"No, not really. I was carried away by my emotions too much. He is this land's only hope after all. By the way, that's a really good weapon you have."

"Not really. It's standard. But normally it shoots straighter. And to get a better way o change the subject."

Meanwhile, Eragon was talking with Saphira about the argument with Brom.

_Would it help to apologize at least? _He asked Saphira.

I don't really know. But that will be a very good start.

Eragon went back to the direction where Brom had left. He found him at their camp. He spotted Brom talking with the Chief. Saphira came up behind him.

Well, here it goes.

He looked uncertainly at the Chief, who gave him an odd sort of smile as if to say _go on._ Eragon had a strong suspicion that the Chief had heard everything. He turned to Brom, "Will it help to say that I'm sorry?"

Brom answered seriously, with a lot less anger in his voice as before. "No it won't. But your actions were better than most peoples' first non-life threatening encounter with an Urgal. Not many get the chance to talk before forced to attacking."

There was an odd silence for the rest of the day. It wasn't very comfortable to be near Eragon and Brom. The silence seemed to spread in a circle around the group. Even the warthog's engines sounded quieter for some reason.

The next day, Brom gave Eragon many different scenarios in combat. Some included Urgals, Dragons, or even other Riders. The Chief had even ore absurd ideas of opponents, but Eragon knew that it was what the Chief faced one time or another. Surrender and retreat were mostly out of the options, but the Chief had some ideas of how to defeat enemies that Brom never even thought off. It was obvious that the Chief served armies for a long time. For one, instead of foolish headlong charges, one can retreat and ambush an enemy. He claimed he served the UNSC for all his life. That wasn't very hard to believe. Eragon paid attention carefully to the Chief. He moved unlike a normal person, without flaws. He stood straighter than Eragon thought possible. That was for starters.

In the evening, Eragon dueled with Brom. As they finished, Brom muttered, "That's a start."

The Chief came over and asked to dull one of the swords. Eragon gave him the dulled Za'roc, for it won't break, bend, or scratch in any way. Brom got the hint and stepped into a defensive position.

As they started fighting, Brom realized that they were very evenly matched. The Chief doesn't know how to use a sword, that was certain, but he had great speed and strength to overcome the lack of

experience. Eragon watched them until the end, amazed at the power that the Chief presented, but had no clue at the lack of skill. Brom flicked his wrist and placed the tip of his sword on the Chief's color bone. At the same moment, the Chief had pulled out his pistol and held it against Brom's head. Both grinned and retreated a few steps back. But Brom had enough. He sat down next to the fire.

"This was one heck of a fight," he said simply.

"It was. But I still don't like swords."

"I don't see how. They can do anything. Take down enemies, chop wood, and break doorsâ€¦"

"I'll show you what it cannot do. Now, if you don't mind a minute of your time?"

The Chief got a dozen wooden poles from the ground and set them on the ground, standing up like stakes. He prepared to give a longest speech he gave in Alagaesia to Brom.

"Now, see those poles? Pretend they are people that want to kill you. With a sword, you need to foolishly charge at one of them. During your charge, you make a nice, fresh target to any rangers that happen to be in the group.

Next, saying you make it to one of them, you need to take them out one at a time, all the time more can come, others can chop you back or head off, or others you previously took down can get back up and ruin your day for you. However, let's say you did take all of them out. All the noise of the battle will alert any others nearby. And, as you saw previously, others can escape. What do you know? Someone has told about you and a whole army is after you. Or gang, either way, many will be after your neck.

This thing," he took out an ordinary pistol, "can take out all of these quickly and with a lot less noise than ordinary fighting. You might even get away without being seen by your enemies. This attacks at a range, if your enemies do see you, they still have to get to you. Sometimes, most of the time, they will attack you without charging. This will call for needing cover that allows you to take out your enemies while staying safe," he motioned toward the pistol, "This thing is nothing special. Standard issue, twelve shots. You'll understand better as more of twelve very small arrows. Very fast, and can take down an enemy in one shot if hit in the right areas. The head is very venerable. Other weapons will deliver different results, but this one essentially is the center of standard UNSC armament. Enough of this lecture, you will need to see with your own eyes."

The Chief aimed the pistol and fired six shots, one into each pole. They all fell over. "If the first round didn't do its job," he fired another six shots into each. He reloaded and holstered the pistol. "Nothing special. The other weapons tend to be better. Weather it is loads of ammo such as in the Assault rifle, multiple targets with one shot as in the shotgun and rocket launcher, great accuracy and range like in the sniper rifle, or a big bang in grenades, modern weapons cover any tactical need."

Suddenly, Eragon came running. He looked panicked.

"I heard something loud. What happened?" He stammered finally. Saphira landed next to him, spotted the poor pieces of wood and nosed them.

Both the Chief and Brom started laughing like they heard the best joke in the world. Finally, the Chief managed to answer, "Your dragon already discovered the recipients of a nice volley of rounds. The source is this handy pistol. I just showed Brom how outdated your weaponry is. Either way, we should keep moving. I can't tell who heard that. Forests bounce sound all over the place."

Brom lost all humor on his face at that remark, "You told me that they are quiet."

The Chief looked at him seriously, "At a distance. It will wake late sleepers, though. For good quietness, use a sniper rifle. It is louder, but can go much farther. Actually, the bullet goes faster than sound, so it hits the target before it is possible to hear it."

"It's impossible to go faster than sound."

"To you. It is done all the time. Even many times faster. Now hear is the big one, light travels much faster. We passed that barrier too."

"Who are we?"

"The UNSC humans and earth colonies, and the Covenant are even faster."

"Who are the Covenant?"

Grunt. Not much of a reply.

The Chief, Brom, and Eragon packed and started back down the road.

Along the road, the Chief drove close to Brom. He looked back to make sure that Eragon was far enough to over hear.

"You want to know about the Covenant? There is one reason why I was hesitant to tell you anything. If they find you, you won't have any hope of surviving. They have weapons that even surpass our own. We are currently fighting a war with them. They are winning. We are fighting on borrowed time. Only a miracle can save us, and that means all humans, and I don't believe a miracle will come any time soon."

Brom was very curious, indeed, "Why are you fighting a war with them? Anyways, who started the war?"

"They did, with a complete surprise. We simply lost contact with the Harvest colony. We sent in a ship to look. It didn't survive long enough to report anything. So we sent in a scout fleet of three ships. We discovered Harvest completely destroyed. Only one Covenant ship remained. It might have been the only one to come in the first place. The ultimate lie from the government was that we won the first engagement. We won, but at a price of two of our ships, and the third

heavily damaged. By the way, these ships are not the ships that sail in the water. They are in outer space," the Chief pointed up, "We won when we outnumbered the Covenant three to one, and we lost two thirds of our fleet. Well, enough of this lecture. It is very rare that I talk this long in one day." He drove away, leaving Brom stumped with the sudden silence and pondering on what he heard. Weapons that are more powerful than the wonder weapons the Chief was using, ships that fly through the air. Something to remain a secret he thought.

The group traveled along the road until they got to Lake Leona. None of those days compared to the day of the Chiefs lecture. The Chief himself seemed unusually quiet afterwards too. At the lake, the Chief ditched the warthog and proceeded on foot. Eragon watched on amazement as the Chief carried many heavy supplies with unusual ease. Near Dras-Loena, The Chief told the group that he will watch from the outside, and would change back into his armor. Should they need to flee, Saphira will be sighted. Looks won't matter much. Something new can even demoralize the chasers into turning back.

Eragon and Brom agreed that it was the best plan, and they went into the city. The Chief would remain with Saphira. The guards let them in without incident. Inside, they stayed at a cheap inn. The next day, they went looking for clues.

Unknown to Them, though, the Chief persuaded Saphira to fly go hunting. The Chief ran back to the warthog when she was away. He came back in less than a day, using the off-road vehicle for what it was built for, and stayed far off the road. He contacted Eragon and Brom to tell him of the new defenses, should they need to be covered if they were discovered at the wrong time. Brom didn't say anything, but he definitely disapproved of bringing something so big so close to the walls of Dras-Loena. Eragon was a whole different story. He even tried threatening the Chief to bring the warthog back to the original spot. The Chief's defense proved not convincing, but it had a point. Saphira dried dragging the hog back, but it was too heavy.

"The soldiers defending this rocky outcrop of a city have seen it with their own eyes many times. All they see is a simple bush that is slightly big. The warthog is hidden only a few hundred feet away from the walls. These people are blinder than if you will stare at the sun and then look for rifle on a bare wall. It won't be seen because it was already seen."

"If they look harderâ€¦"

"They will only see a bush. Don't underestimate modern camouflage. Even ours isn't the best."

Eragon turned off his chip in annoyance, cutting the Chief off. Eragon felt really annoyed. Not that it will help in tracking down the Ra'zac.

Eragon entered the cathedral, and knelt beside the altar, but didn't pay any homage. As he turned to leave, he saw the two Ra'zac. He immediately turned on the chip to record mode, and took out his bow, already strung. Finally being able to avenge Garrow's death, he unleashed a volley of arrows. The Ra'zac sidestepped the arrows easily. Eragon heard the Chief mutter at the other end of the line, "Let them get passed the old AR."

Ranks of soldiers entered behind the Ra'zac, and Eragon turned to flee. It is hopeless to fight both the Ra'zac and the soldiers at the same time. After a long race within the cathedral, Eragon lost the Ra'zac in the market. Brom came very quickly, already knowing what had happened. They mounted their horses and started to leave the town. The guards at the gate were closing the doors, and two white beams of smoke appeared out of nowhere and cut the ropes to pieces, jamming the doors to a halt. Eragon and Brom rode under them as Brom muttered a few words, making the guards topple down, seemingly dead. Another two beams of white smoke appeared, damaging the door ropes, and the doors closed with a large thud as nothing remained for the doors to remain in the air.

The Chief pushed the bush covering off the Warthog, and the soldiers could only stare as they saw a bush turn into something elseâ€¦ Something big and shaped like a wagon, only very different and green.

The leader of the archers organized the best archers to launch a volley of arrows into the air. The soldiers were astonished to see that nothing happened. There was only one thing left to do. The leader took a small bottle of what was described as dangerous, should be thrown at an enemy, an explosive. The leader closed his eyes and prayed to all the gods he knew of that the explosive will work and lobbed the thing in the direction of the green figure and the wagon that used to be bush. The bottle did explode, though it hit a little off towards the walls, the explosion enveloped both the figure and the wagon thing.

The Chief saw the bottle tossed at him and out of instinct, ducked behind the warthog. The bottle exploded into an orange ball of flame, but the flames didn't do much damage. They were normal flames and dropped the shields about a quarter. One look at the side of the warthog where the explosive hit showed that a tire was punctured. The explosion split a tree in half and a broken branch had speared the tire right off the rims. The Warthog will need a wheel replacement, but definitely not in a hot zone.

The Chief got in the warthog and started the engine, hoping it wasn't busted up either. The warthog roared to life and started moving slowly but gained speed on its three good wheels. The Chief drove up near the entrance right as Eragon and Brom crossed the gate of Dras-Loena.

"What happened?" asked Brom, looking at the busted up wheel.

"It appears your people rare getting somewhere with hand thrown grenades," answered the Chief, "But it was a wooden pole that did it. Don't worry. These things are deigned to take on punishment more than you can even think of. It'll hold long enough."

With a swirl of dust, the Chief turned the warthog and sped down the road. Eragon and Brom's horses couldn't keep up with the 4X4. Eragon grinned at the dust at the edge of his vision from the warthog. "If it can go like this and be damaged. I don't want to know how it is normal."

Brom wasn't in a very funny mood. "Not now. We still need to get away from any possible pursuers. Call Saphira to join us also. We might need her."

Come, Saphira. We are moving on the road away from the city.

What happened to you?

_The Ra'zac ambushed me. Brom's disguise worked, but the people had very loud mouths. We were told about. _

I'm coming. Are you alone?

Just Brom and me, yes we are alone.

What about the Chief?

He is somewhere ahead of us. His warthog thing got destroyed or something, but it works fine enough.

Near dusk, Brom and Eragon caught up to the Chief, who was fixing the wheel. It looked like he had another one.

"Three wheels play hell on the chassis. I need to fix it before I can go on. Go without me. Even if I get spotted, I will be able to defend myself. You won't be able to if you wait here, and you know, so much for the chase after the Ra'zac. They got to you first."

Eragon and Brom had no choice but to continue. At dark, they were forced to stop and camp behind a rock. The dinner was cold. Brom cautioned that they will need to sleep in shifts because the Ra'zac were very dangerous at night, when they saw better and were generally stronger. Eragon would stay up for the first shift.

He saw something move in the darkness and awoke Brom, saying he saw something move right before something hit the back of his head, and he knew no more.

A/N: The Explosive is the same as in Eldest that blew up two wagons

Sorry for not updating so soon. Schoolwork, writer's block and interest in other things impeded this story's progress. I hate this chapter. I scraped over half of it. Sorry. The next Chapter should go very different from the story line, because the Gil'ead prison will have more than one thing in it. Just a clue. R&R PLZ!!!

If you have any suggestions, you can review those too.

9. Brom's Death

Chapter 9: Brom's Death

"**None of our guests have been very informative. They all speak of a Cole Protocol. None of it makes any sense, and their equipment is even more misleading. We have been able to recreate it through magic, but nothing worked. It's a wonder how they can take so many urgals down.**"

"**Have they said anything interesting? Remember, failure can mean your death, so don't displease me.**"

"**They weren't silent. The mind drug we administered to them did give off a few answers. First, they came from a place called Halo. They didn't say anything further on it. They are fighting a group of races called the Covenant. They have no idea of how they got here.**"

"**See what you can get out of them. And the elf?**"

"**Won't say anything. We are now using even greater torture techniques. It wouldn't be long now. Plus we are administering the poison daily. She won't leave without us.**"

"**Be gone now. And don't return until you have gotten through all of them.**"

"**Yes, My Lord.**"

The sun had set, and the day turned to night. The Chief had just finished fixing the ire when he heard something. It sounded like a roar, but faint and distant. The Chief heard it again, and again. Suddenly it stopped, and only eerie silence remained. Even nighttime wildlife seemed to have stopped making its usual noise. Something wasn't right. He got an assault rifle and headed towards the noise. He got there in roughly fifteen minutes at a fast run. He got there just in time to see two hooded figures. They didn't act like humans, though. They moved unusually fast, as though they got the augmentations that SPARTANS get. They seemed to sense him, for one of them turned and gave an angry hiss, which was definitely not human.

"Ssssooooo, human, you have sssseeenn us, meassssly human. You know what we loook like. Yesssss. You will know no more."

Both the hooded figures leaped at the Chief with inhuman speed. He blocked one that tried to stab him with a sword. The second hit him from behind, but only to lower his shields by a third. These hooded figures were very strong. They must be the Ra'zac that Brom talked about.

The Chief suddenly felt like he couldn't move, and his body wouldn't obey anything he tried to do. He was able to move, but very little and very slowly. Remembering how Brom told him that the Ra'zac are sensitive to light, he mustered all his concentration to getting the light switch. The Ra'zac saw him unable to move and slowly went in for the kill.

The Chief turned on the high-intensity flashlight on the assault rifle. The Ra'zac screamed in rage and covered their faces. This light is stronger than sunlight, and they're not used to such light. Suddenly, like a blanket being removed, the Chief was able to move again. He used this advantage to turn on his helmet's light, increasing the Ra'zac's pain. He got out a fragmentation grenade and prepared to pin itâ€¦

â€¦And the Ra'zac suddenly got lifted into the air. The light followed them only to reveal two creatures like very large bats, much larger, and the wings looked more like torn cloth than wings. Even these creatures didn't dare to fight.

The creatures flew off, carrying the Ra'zac with them, leaving the

Chief behind. One of them made a loud noise like a beast in rage. The helmet's sound filters were strained to their limits at the noise.

The Chief hurried back to the warthog and turned it on; with the radar on to its limits. The Ra'zac showed up as two large blips, and they were moving very fast, faster than a Warthog's speed limit.

Using the Warthog's off-road capabilities, the Chief followed the two blips as fast as he can. At least they were going in a straight line, he thought.

Eragon regained consciousness slowly. His head was throbbing dully, and the first thing he saw were Brom's hands, which were tied up. He felt relieved, but it took him a while to realize that the Ra'zac wouldn't tie up someone who's dead. He turned his head enough to see Saphira nearby, restrained by many chains. Eragon wasn't able to think very clearly. He fell over and saw a boot enter his field of sight. One of the Ra'zac's.

"It sssseemss that the poisson iss wearing off. We should kill him now. Yesssss," it was the Ra'zac talking to the other.

"But we have orders to keep thesssse alive o be take to the king."

"We can sssay that they tried to essscape."

"Yeeesssssssss."

One of them lifted Eragon, putting a knife to his throat. Next to him, Brom groaned.

"The poisson iss wearing off. We shall kill both then."

Before the Ra'zac was able to get near Eragon, an arrow struck the Ra'zac, making it drop the knife it was holding. A dull thudding followed, striking the other Ra'zac. Apparently the Ra'zac had faced this new adversary, for one of the Ra'zac turned to flee, not however, before kicking Eragon hard in the ribs. Spotting the fallen knife, the second Ra'zac tossed it at Eragon. From nowhere, Brom lunged forward and got the knife in his chest.

The Ra'zac didn't bother remaining. They fled, one of them much slower and staggering. Apparently they already fought this opponent. And lost. The Ra'zac would not dare fight something in their weakened state in bright daylight.

Eragon hurried towards Brom. From the top of the depression, the Chief came down; it was he who had made the thudding noise earlier. Another man, holding a bow. The Chief carried a med kit and went over to Brom, while the other man headed towards Saphira.

The other man first released Saphira from her chains, and then went over to Eragon, looking at Eragon's chest.

"You sure got hit hard here. Relax, but I'm afraid it will hurt."

"Who are you and what is your name?"

"Someone who wants to kill the Ra'zac, like you. My name is Murtag. Now be quiet for a while," the man pressed down on the chest and Eragon almost screamed in agony. A few of his ribs were broken.

The Chief was busy operating on Brom. When Eragon turned to look, he saw Brom's chest was covered in bandages, and some whit foam was coming out of the chest wound, which was bleeding freely.

"Unless he will stop bleeding, the bandages and dressing won't hold for long. They are not meant for long term."

Murtag went over to Brom, but was only able to apply pressure to the wound and tie bandages. Naturally, he didn't know how to use antiseptics and battle dressing. Time was too valuable to give first aid lessons. In the end, Brom's condition was stabilized enough to travel again.

They didn't get far, for Eragon wasn't able to travel fast with his broken ribs. Brom's bleeding reappeared out of nowhere, and the group was forced to stop in a convenient cave that was hidden from anywhere except right on top of it. The Chief started to operate on him immediately. Nothing seemed to work.

Suddenly Brom spoke, calling for a wineskin. Eragon got it and asked Brom's hands with it, due to some unknown agenda by Brom. Eragon then took Brom's blessing. Everyone knew that Brom was nearing his death.

Brom told Eragon to go to Gil'ead and talk to his friend, who will take them to the Varden. The Chief stated to replace the bandages and dressing. Eragon and Saphira both looked worriedly while he worked.

Just as quickly as he started, the Chief stopped, slapping the bloody bandages to the ground and rocking back on his heels.

"He's gone."

Eragon rushed towards Brom's dead body, not caring that he was not in great physical condition either. All he cared about was his deep ache and feeling of loss. He hoped that the Chief was wrong, and Brom will speak and move again.

Murtag watched silently as Eragon held Brom's hand and silently wept. The Chief silently moved away, putting the rest of the medical gear away. In the end, Eragon recovered his feelings. He decided to bury Brom in the rock above the cave.

In the evening, Eragon went up and dug a hole in the soft clay using magic. The Chief seemed stunned at the liquidizing effect the clay took when moved. Eragon placed Brom's body in the makeshift grave, and sealed it again, adding a gravestone where he left some writing on it.

Saphira, to everyone's amazement, put her head to the grave, turning it to crystal, most likely diamond. Now, Brom's body was seen under the crystal, resting in peace.

When turning back to the cave, Eragon heard the Chief whisper something that he almost thought he was only imagining, "Too many damned heroes. To many damned wars."

Eragon was still pondering what he heard when he fell into a deep sleep, induced by the fatigue he felt after using the magic to burry Brom.

The next day, Eragon felt very stiff and tired, not to mention sad. He had lost everyone he cared for, except for Saphira. Even Roran was somewhere out there. He imagined what the Chief felt like everyday, separated from the world he lived in.

The group traveled down the road to Gil'ead, their new goal. At first, they weren't able to travel very fast, due to Eragon's ribs. When he got better, he started to duel with Murtag, just as he had with Brom. Additionally, he started having dreams of a woman in a cell. He scried her, to discover that she was real.

The Chief still declined in dueling, but instead practiced using his own weapons. Due to ammo concerns, he generally practiced with those that he called "plasma" weapons, which he generally disliked to use in actual combat. He didn't have that many of those too, so he practiced rarely. He claimed that it ruined his skill, but not enough for it to become a liability.

Gil'ead came after months of travel, and the group stopped a ways off at the foothills so that they can organize their coming into the city. Murtag warned that it is mostly a military outpost, and that he should go in first, and look for the friend. With that, he left the foothills to go into Gil'ead.

At the end of the day, he returned, galloping on his horse at full speed. Although no one was following him, he looked as though he thought that someone was. He came, to say that someone that knew him spotted him. That was after he was able to talk to Brom's friend and arrange a meeting near where they were. Now all they had to do was wait and hope that no one will come and fight them.

At dawn, when the meeting was arranged, they came to the proposed area. They didn't see anyone, but shortly after, the unmistakable cry of an Urgal pierced the air. They turned towards the Urgal and only saw one. The Chief quickly took it down, and seemingly knowing something else, turned around and took down more in one motion. Eragon turned to look, and saw more Urgals, lots more. He was surprised that he allowed such a simple move to trick him. The Chief was taking them down efficiently, and shouted, "Eragon, get down!"

Eragon felt something hard hit him on the back of the head, with just enough time to shout, "Fly, Saphira! Fly!" Before blackness enveloped him.

AN/ Sorry, I took so long. I had an extra long chapter, which I decided to split. It is almost finished. Won't take more than a few days. Had some tech difficulties at first.

More goodies coming up! R&R!

10. Halo's Survivors Don't like Locals

****Halo's Survivors Don't Like Locals****

*****We have him, my Lord.*****

*****Who? I wonder. It will disappoint me gravely if it is someone annoying for you, but no one in my opinion.*****

*****I understand, my lord. It is the rider. He is now currently in Gil'ead.*****

*****It is indeed a great turn of events. Go to Gil'ead, and bring him back. Alive.*****

*****I understand." ****

Eragon woke on a hard stone bed, and immediately tried to use magic. He realized that he couldn't remember the words due to the drug he had been given when held by the Ra'zac. All he was able to do was wait and try to remember the words.

A man came into the room, and set down a plate of stale bread and cheese, and a cup of water. Eragon thought it was nice until he noticed an odor coming from the water. It must have been the drug, so he emptied the food out of a window and hoped he would be able to fool the guards. He fell asleep soon after.

"I won't tell you anything, traitors! You are not human!"

Eragon awoke with a start, and saw some guards carrying a reluctant person down the hallway next to his cell. The person was wearing the same clothing that the Chief wore when in disguise, but not painted. He saw a shoulder patch saying UNSC and "Locklear" on it.

This man was from the same place as the Chief. Eragon wondered if the Chief knew about this person, but he assumed that the Chief didn't. Otherwise he would have said something.

The guards dragged the UNSC soldier away, only to have more come. These were carrying an unconscious woman. Eragon immediately recognized her as the one from his dreams. Gil'ead seemed to have many unusual prisoners.

Eragon knew that he had to get out, and the only to do it was to wait until he can use magic again. Not eating didn't hurt him much. He went without food for a day plenty of times. It hurt him not to drink, though. To pass the time, Eragon tried to remember some of the ancient words.

Sometime later, a man with red hair came in. Eragon recognized him somehow as a shade. He felt deep pangs of fear, for shades were supposed to be much stronger than normal humans, and were supposed to be able to use magic, for that was how they became shades in the first place.

The shade only came for a short while, to gloat over the capture of Eragon. He called himself Durza. Durza's reward was a fake "true" name that Eragon made up, and a feeling that someone was not eating or drinking. After that, he left.

Nighttime was when Eragon started to escape. He opened the internal lock mechanism with magic, but was stopped by many soldiers. He downed several, but the magic took its toll on him.

One of the guards fell, an arrow sticking out of his back. More soon followed.

Murtag had broken in with a disguise of an old man.

"Don't kill the last guard!" Eragon stopped Murtag from killing the last remaining guard, who nearly fainted from fight. Eragon picked up a pebble, "Now tell me, where are the other prisoners kept? If you talk, I won't burn your insides with this pebble. Imagine it burning your stomach until it falls out, many years later."

"Don't put that thing in me! I'll tell you everything! The others are kept two halls down, and the armory is the topmost floor."

Eragon knocked the guard out, and motioned Murtag to follow him. He came to the other cells, but only saw the woman, who was actually an elf. Murtag carried her as they went to the armory. Taking a breather in the mess hall, they were about to go when they heard the door close and reinforce behind them. A voice spoke.

"Well, how nice to see you drop in. I just somehow knew not to trust the guard leader when he said every plate was scraped clean. Now, my young rider, you will pay for this foolishness."

Murtag started forward, but Eragon stopped him, "Don't, he wants me. He will most likely kill you."

Durza smiled viscously and drew his sword. Eragon met the challenge, but found out very quickly how outclassed he was. Durza was definitely playing with him.

A noise of someone wanting to open the door stopped both for a split second. The noise stopped, only to replace with a loud crash as the door caved in, revealing the Chief on the other side. He didn't look too pleased, even with the reflective faceplate.

Durza was confused, "Who are you? There weren't supposed to be anymore of you."

The Chief, Eragon, and Murtag all took advantage of Durza's confusion to get at him with bullets, arrows, and jabs with swords. Durza wasn't able to combat the combined assault. At the same time, Saphira battered the roof from above, allowing herself to enter. However, all that happened to him was that he turned transparent, and disappeared in a flash of light and a scream of pain.

Additional voices started, sounding very afraid, "That's it. We're done for. He lost." Guards had entered through the broken doors, but quickly turned and fled.

Eragon told the Chief that he saw a UNSC soldier in the building. The Chief moved away, almost instantly.

He followed Murtag towards the armory, telling Saphira to stay near the mess, and discovered that the room was filled with weapons from

the Chief's time. Many he never saw before, and the way they were scattered loose around the room, not even the shade knew what to do with them.

The Chief went throughout the cells, looking inside for what he hoped was a marine. He hoped that the flood hadn't gotten on Alagaesia, too. It was a far-fetched idea, for there were no flood forms anywhere, and he was in a populated city. IF the flood were here, the whole planet would have been gone a long time ago. To help him, he turned on the radio. Marines tended to carry all sorts of things in their pockets, including small radio transmitters. He immediately heard a faint SOS message repeating. It was very faint, but he knew that someone was indeed in here.

Movement in one of the cells caught his eye. It was followed by a demanding and annoyed voice. It was of Private Stacker, the Marine aboard the Autumn, "Who's there? I won't tell you anything. I will rather die first, as I already told you."

The Chief knew that his hopes were true, and some marines had made it off Halo, and got into Alagaesia. "Suck it up, Marine. Watch to who you are talking too. Stand back, I'm going to blow this door open."

Stacker moved back, mumbling, "Master Chief? Is that you? What are you doing here? For a long time it was just I and other marines and naval crew. I thought we were done for. The locals here don't seem to be UNSC or Earth controlled. God, I'm glad you are here. We can get out of this place."

The Chief was taken back.

"More marines? How many, and where?" He kicked the door open and helped Stacker up. Stacker looked fine, only a bit crazy. He must have gone through some mind-altering drug interrogations.

Stacker motioned for the Chief to follow and ran down the corridor. They passed through a very run down area, and there voices sounded almost instantly, "Who is with you, Sarge?"

Stacker happily unlocked the cells from a guard they knocked unconscious when passing him. Stacker gave a nice hard kick afterwards. "It's the Master Chief. We are going home. Home sweet home."

The group of UNSC soldiers assembled in the main hall. A total of twenty marines and naval crew were there, not including the Chief. Their names were Lieutenant Haverson, a ONI spook, Sergeants Stacker, Banks, and Johnson, who was free of flood infection for some miraculous reason, privates Burton, Martin, Evan, Foley, Tipritz, Ryan, Gordon, and Rogers, Corporals Harland and Locklear, an ODST, Lance Corporal Jones, and naval crew Warrnet Officer Polaski, "Cookie" Peterson, Eva, Raynor, and Igor. Many seemed to be suffering from shell shock, acting strangely and respond times were really slow.

Locklear spoke first, with hate in his voice. "A SPARTAN, figures. Right outta the frigging frying pan."

Johnson growled, "Watch it, Corporal."

Pvt. Burton said to the Chief, "They took all our weapons. I don't know where. I however found this," he got a chip from his pocket. It was the memory chip for Cortana.

The Chief inserted her into his helmet, with a "Long time, no see" from Cortana. He wasn't paying attention to her. He looked at Burton, "Where did you find her, private?"

"Well, it started like this, I was in a Pelican with the others, he motioned around, there were two, actually, and some golden light enveloped us. Halo was destroyed recently, though. The Chip sorta fell on my head when I came around, in the middle of a large plain, right next to these ugly brutes, too."

Cortana added through the Chief's suit external speakers, "The 'light' you speak of is the visual effect of Halo's teleportation grid. It seems it effected more than just the ring."

Rogers didn't look too pleased. "Where the hell are we, anyways?"

None of the other marines or naval crew answered with anything more than a shrug. The Chief answered, "I came here with some locals, they are the best clue we have hear. They call this place Alagaesia, and they speak English, and write normally too."

Johnson added a comment of, "Well, at least the walking freak show flood are not around. We need weapons, anyways."

The soldiers went upstairs, the only place they weren't in before. They came to the top, and found the armory along with Eragon, Saphira, and Murtag.

"What is that?" asked a Marine. Everyone looked at the Chief.

"What they call a dragon. Don't laugh. You won't like it," the Chief muttered under his breath.

Murtag looked confused.

"How many of you are here? I only heard rumors of a few. By the way, I believe these are your weapons. I'm Murtag, by the way, and this is Eragon," he said while passing around assault rifle. Other gear followed. He didn't know about the ammo clips.

The marine introduced themselves quickly, while some of the Marines looked strangely at Saphira, not believing their eyes. Locklear had definite hatred in his voice. Haverson gave him a warning look. Lt. Eva said that they needed to leave the building, but no one paid attention as the two groups eyed each other, with the Chief waiting at the sideline.

Ryan finally spoke loudly enough for everyone to hear. "We have to get out of here."

Murtag added that there was no way everyone was going to leave at the same time.

The Chief gave two options: "One, we all band together in hopes of

stumbling on some clues on hope to get out of here, but it will make us more visible. Or two, we split off. Eragon and Murtag will continue off by themselves, and we will go our own way. The second option is best, to reduce friction between us, and reduce suspicion."

The Marines all voted on plan B, with Tipritz adding that plan B always worked better. Burton called him joker at that remark. "It is then decided", he added.

Eragon never saw a democracy in action, and was stunned. He was used to an Empire, with a ruler. The Chief told him previously closer to Teirm that it was actually a dictatorship. The "emperor" was self-declared, and therefore, a dictator.

Eragon, Murtag, and the Marines chose the best way to leave the barracks. The marines and the Chief will go on foot, as it was what they were supposed to be best at. Eragon and Murtag, along with the unidentified female, would leave on dragon back.

Eragon looked at the Chief one last time before he left. The Chief looked different. Something had changed when he met the marines. Eragon didn't think that it would be the last time he would see the Chief for a long time. He thought that the Chief was gone for good. He was wrong.

A/N: Sorry for taking so long. Had some technical difficulties. Now the story will take a complete change. Many of you have been wishing for that. I tried making up with a longer chapter. R&R.

To many damned heroes, remember that? Very commonly used in the Halo universe. Said twice if I remember correctly.

Yes, I have extracted some names from various places. Thanks Call of Duty, the Halo Books, and others!

11. False Hope

AN/ sorry I took so long. Not able to write much without changing it, and I didn't exactly write very often. Moved to a new home, and then redid the whole beginning. Along with writer's block. The other one is worse. New guys in the cast. Guess who. This is mostly filler chapter, focusing on the mains. Has some swearing. I hope that the added length makes up for the long time.

Disclaimer: Should be put on the first chapter only, after all, it is the same story. Halo isn't mine, nor is Eragon. A few marines are mine, though. Well their names, at least...

As the real marines use nicknames, I will too.

8-lines (8888888) mean time change, five-lines (555555) will mean that it will switch to Eragon or back.

Chapter 11: False Hope

***"Great hierarch, we have found an unusual planet. We have detected a most unusual energy source coming off it. Only we read this unusual energy many times, most of it ***

****insignificant.****

****"How insignificant?"**

****"Less power than even our Ghosts use in one second." ****

****"Not much. Could it be anything to do with** **the Forerunner? We have found evidence of powers from instillation we found on the human planet, "Cote d' Azur" early on in our crusade. This power you speak of is not unheard of, commander. Send in one battle group. Soon, we shall walk upon the path of salvation in the great journey. The Brutes will accompany you."****

****"Yes, great hierarch, we will investigate this secret of the Forerunner. With this power, we will crush the humans with no more but our weakest ships. Though I wonder, why are the Brutes going on such an important mission? Their nature will insure failure."****

****"Do you question our decision, commander? The Brutes will observe your success and report to me. Though this mission is vital, nothing will be in your way. We will only give you enough warriors to defend your ships. No more. There are no infidels detected on it. Why should we worry?"****

****"Yes, great hierarch."****

"So where do we go now? We have no air support, and the rations are nearly out," Pvt. Martin asked. As he claimed his name was pronounced Mar-TEEN, with emphasis on the TEEN, and Burton commented that it was more like Mar-TinCan. Everyone now called him TinCan. He didn't like it. ("why do I have to have the worst nickname in the whole _fucking_ army?")

The UNSC humans have just made their way to the vehicle stockpile. The two Pelicans and the Longsword all only had nine, eleven, and fifteen hours of flight time fuel left respectively, as Lt. Eva pointed out. Total time of pointless hiking: two whole weeks.

Sgt. Stacker rolled his eyes. "God damn it, TinCan, we already went over the plan five times. The aircraft stay here, we hunt for food, and use warthogs for transportation. Plus, we don't need air support in this god-forsaken place."

Lt. Haverson came from behind them. As he was at the highest rank, he assumed command of the force. Not many complained. What's going on, Sargent?" he demanded.

"Mexico" Locklear responded, who was nearby cleaning a Warthog clear of Flood blood, "This little squirm here won't shut up. Am I right amigo?" he added to Stacker. "I'm not your friend, Corporal," came the reply. Locklear had a lame nickname, because he was born in Mexico. Or so thought everyone. He never denied it.

TinCan gave him a dirty look that could stop the Covenant dead in their tracks. Locklear simply went back to cleaning the Warthog like nothing had happened. TinCan went to point out that those five times they went over the plan, he just somehow happened to be on patrol duty. No one were able to argue because it was true. Ever since

escaping from jail, the Marines always had four two-man patrols forming a square around the main force.

Cortana's voice sounded over the radio, "We should get moving. This place is all too easily seen and we have been staying in the same place far too long. The mountains to the west look like a good spot to hide. Remember that you're all wanted criminals now."

"Shadow" Rogers simply muttered an acknowledgment and continued cleaning a Warthog's barrel. He had a nasty habit of sneaking up on people, like a shadow.

Everyone except Cortana were busy preparing the Warthogs, the ghost and banshee were going to be left behind next to the aircraft. Those who weren't cleaning were organizing their meager supplies. "Cookie" Patterson lived up to his nickname, for he used to be a chef before he joined up in the navy. He was in charge of the rations, and knew that they barley had enough to last a week.

Cortana spent here time inefficiently - monitoring the radio on all frequencies and the radar. It used up so little of her memory that she was very board. With nothing to do, life was hell for her. Just looking at the old radio and radar, and making life hell for anyone she felt like. "Sargent A. J. Johnson, straighten your hat," and other lame comments came from her very often.

Srg. Johnson growled and walked past, along with Tipritz. They had just finished a shift in patrol duty. Johnson came and saluted Haverson, "Patrol finished, Spook. I'll just send the next one along." Haverson was called Spook for the simple reason that he was an ONI spook. Sometimes he was called the Skipper, after his command.

"Send them on their way, Sargent. Have everyone else come here. We need the Chief over here. Cortana too."

Johnson left. Tincan gave an audible sigh, for Johnson decided that he should be his slave after Mendoza was taken by the flood. Not that many Marines knew specifically about that fatal mission. But it was obvious. Every human who survived Halo was in their little group. No one else made it of Halo.

Tipritz got the schedule from the Skipper. "Stacker and Cookie are up next for the north-west corner. When the others return-" two other patrols came, "Johnson and Shadow will take south-east, Mexico and Eva the north-east, and when Polaski and Burton come back, I hope he's not making out with her, Jones and Ranor will replace them." The Marines tried to preserve their moral with humor. Not that it was good, many times it was plain lousy.

Harland plopped down on a wheel of a warthog, helmet over his eyes. "Who gave you permission to read that, Private?"

"No one sir. I just got it from the Skipper. He didn't say anything."

Harland chuckled, "Excuses, excuses. Not that it matters. Go on."

Tipritz looked confused, "But I just finished, sir. That's all there

is for now."

Skipper looked up from his work and said so that everyone could hear, "You just got yourself a nickname, Clueless."

Clueless cursed and walked off.

By nightfall, everything was organized, and everyone were huddled around a bonfire near the vehicles- away from aviation fuel. All patrols were canceled for the night. The Skipper walked so that everyone were able to see him. "We are ready to move out of this place, men. Added up, each person has only three frag grenades, and one smoke grenade. I have a lone flash bang, however I don't think it is of any use here. Ammunition is very limited, so we will get our food with these," he started handing out sharpened sticks. Igor gave his stick a strange look.

"The Warthogs," continued the Skipper, "have years of battery on them, so we will use them. The pelicans, Longsword, and the Covenant vehicles will remain here. I had Cortana lock them with a code. I don't know what it is, nor will you know until we will need to use these aircraft. Chief, tell these men how they will be organized."

The Chief walked up next to the Skipper and announced, "the following Chain of Command will be initiated: Skipper here will be the CO. Under him will be Sargents Banks, Stacker, and Johnson. Under them are Corporals Locklear and Harland, Lance Corporal Jones, Polaski, Cookie, Eva, Ranor, and Igor. The bottom role are privates Burton, Tincan, Evan, Foley, Tipritz, Ryan, Gordon and Rogers."

Both Martin and Gordon muttered something about always being at the bottom.

"However," continued the Chief, "All of you are divided into five four-man fire teams. You navel crew here, the marines already use this four man fire teams. They are called 'Ready-Team-Fire-Assist Teams. In each fire team, there will be one naval crew. They are the team medics and will carry the least combat equipment. Team leaders will be Skipper, Johnson, Stacker, Banks, and Jones. They will carry most of the teams' grenades, along with at least two smokes. Burton, Tipritz, Ryan, Foley, and Gordon, you are lucky. You get to carry the teams' 'pigs' around." Evan, Tincan, Rogers, Harland and Locklear ill carry standard gear, meaning Assault Rifles and a sidearm. No Team is higher than another in rank. Skipper?"

Skipper took over, "Right, the Chief is independent because otherwise not only is it harder to organize everyone, but also because he is needed for many jobs unsuitable for fire teams. Such as scouting and sniping. Or, at a very rare case or cases, lead our limited MAGTF assets. These," he motioned to the warthogs and aircraft. "are the MAGTF assets. You can see why they are going to be used rarely. Dismissed. Get some sac time and be ready to move by 0400 hours."

Tipritz raised his hand. "Sir, what about when we use the vehicles. Warthogs can only carry three."

Skipper nodded and shouted "Attention!"

When everyone snapped to attention, he muttered "At ease" and answered Tipritz. "Your right, Marine. Warthogs can only carry three, but if we have two people on each side of the LAAG instead of one mounting it, then a whole fire team will fit in a warthog. Now you really are dismissed."

Ranor looked up and saw a huge fireball heading towards the plains.
"Look at that!"

The fireball crashed a few miles away from the group. Cortana muttered through the radio, "Lost contact with orbital Satellites. It must have been one of them. I can't contact to them any more. Which means that we don't have any maps, GPS, or long range radio."

Johnson swore loudly. "So much for relying on an 'eye in the sky' from now on."

The Chief asked Cortana, "Do we have anything saved before the satellite went down?"

" . . . No . "

"Damn, now it will be very easy to get lost. Even if we don't really need to be anywhere here, it is still vital to know where"

Most of the Marines were still looking up at the sky. Skipper said quietly, "We better go to where the satellite went down. It might show something."

Not many people heard, even less actually listened.

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The next day, the Marines, with the fireball fresh in their minds, set off for the suspected location of the satellite. It didn't take too long to find it. The grass was burnt in a quarter mile radius around a Warthog-sized crater. Metal debris was scattered all over the place. But it was the crater itself that was tantalizing. The satellite, clearly visible, and over half of it still intact, lay in the bottom. It had scorched markings that somehow looked familiar, but were too similar to the charcoal black that the satellite was now colored.

Jones leaned forward and peered at the differently colored areas of the satellite. "Covenant," he muttered.

Not even Cortana was able to come to that conclusion. "How can you be so certain, Lance Corporal?"

Jones smiled, like he was about to reveal a big secret. "Easy," he said, "those different colored areas on the metal? See how the circular ones actually have holes in them, and the long ones have depressions along the center? Those are made by plasma bolts. From their Seraph fighters, by the size of them."

The morning sun hid the holes and depressions, making everything flat and unchanging.

Tipritz looked at him accusingly, " Who do you think you are? The last time I saw somebody make as big of a guess as this, he was flat out drunk. And we don't have any beer to get drunk on."

"I had time to study on the Covenant before I joined up. I used to be a teacher in a collage."

Tipritz grunted.

"So now we have a professor in our mists, now, eh?"

And so, Lance Corporal Jones was called simply as "Professor". Johnson added, "now we have a new purpose in life: get rid of Covenant bitches where no one else expects them to be. Eurah! It's time to fight our old enemies. That is, if they are here indeed," he looked at Professor accusingly.

Cortana said, "It is them. The Covenant are broadcasting live chatter on unencrypted channels, just like on Halo. From what I hear, they don't even know about humans living here. They are looking for a weapon, North-west from here, in a great forest. They believe that it holds the answer to usage of a great power."

Locklear grinned. "So we will go and intercept them, give them a nice surprise, and take over one of their ships."

Johnson grunted. "In your dreams. Give them a nice surprise, yes. Fight them, yes. But taking over a ship is not possible. It was not done before."

The Chief corrected him. "It is possible, Sargent. On Halo, I lead a team into the Truth and Reconciliation to rescue Keyes. We could have taken over the ship if we wanted too. I went n alone a second time to get his neural lace after the flood got him."

It was common knowledge that the Chief blew up Halo, no one asked why he needed the neural lace, they knew.

Skipper spoke up, "I heard Major Silva took over the Truth and Reconciliation. Got it flying, even, but had it blow up still in the atmosphere. He lost the controls, or something."

"_Damn,_it just might be done."

Skipper grinned. "We can do it. I don't believe it. We can actually do it."

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Eragon was lying on his cot. He fingered the chip he had gotten from the Chief. He never used it, with the main reason being that the blasted thing didn't work anymore. At first it used to flicker and change color after he pressed one of the very small buttons on it. After his flight in the desert, it didn't do anything. Now he kept it out of habit, and prove that it wasn't some big dream he had. The Chief came and left very suddenly. The elves knew about it, especially Oromis, who was very interested about the group. when all possible explanations that fit the few facts, none of them made sense. The chip and any discussion were simply ignored. After all, how special is a piece of glass, anyways? or a group of people

somewhere out there?

Eragon was in Ellesmera, training with the elves. For a while now, rumors were flying throughout Ellesmera that a group of humans entered Du Weldenvarden, and were moving closer to the Elven capital every day. As of the last recon report, only a few mile The only reason that they weren't attacked was because the group was small, twenty one peoples away. They didn't look like they had a particular destination.

Now he wondered where the Chief and the Marines were. Both he and Oromis thought that the group was them. One question he thought was, how evolved were they really? And how far behind was Alagaesia? And more importantly, why was the Chief leading his men towards Ellesmera?

He decided to meditate. he had a bad day, and was trying to regain his pride. The animals he sensed were all common in one thing: they were afraid. An eagle flew past, and he understood its thoughts crudely. A large bird was coming. He looked at the night sky, and froze in his tracks. Many more Elves were also looking up.

A large _thing_ was slowly moving across the night sky. It was smooth and long. With lights along it. They revealed that the thing was a dark purple in color.

His heart leaped when recognition reached him. _Saphira, get over hear, now. _He now remembered a time when the Chief told part of his history. A war. That was it. A great war between humans and a mixture of races called the Covenant. The Chief had given advise then. "If it doesn't look natural, it's the Covenant. Especially if it has a purple shade to it and it is in the air", Eragon now knew that he hinted at flight, "We humans don't know where this place is. The Covenant can arrive hear easily. If you see them, run. And make sure not to be seen. They won't give you a chance to fight."

Hiding would be easy in Du Weldenvarden. But if these Covenant things can fly, any war with them would prove fatal.

Saphira came beside Eragon and looked at the object, which had stopped moving. _Something big is about to happen_, she said.

Yes, but which way. good or bad?

We will find out, all in good time.

An elven councilor called up to Eragon. "Eragon! Go to Oromis! Tell him that he needs to come here as quickly as possible! Tell him that Islanzadi needs his presence here."

Eragon mounted Saphira without a reply and flew off. The flight was uneventful. The large air born object did nothing except stay there. What Eragon did not see was the gravity lift deploying.

Eragon almost jumped off Saphira when she landed. Oromis was already there, with his sword and Glaedr.

"I found out a few minutes ago," Oromis said, answering Eragon's confused look, "It is certainly strange. The Elves thought that something might happen. Rumors like these are not made up by common

folks, especially after what you told about those humans. The stars were changing too much to be normal, too."

"What do you mean?" Asked Eragon. "And why did I have to come here if you knew?"

Oromis gave a grim smile. "Look behind you towards Ellesmera, and your questions will be answered."

Eragon looked back and gasped. The trees were on fire, and streaks of light penetrated the air. A purple beam was coming down from the object.

"We can't afford to loose all our best people in a massacre," concluded Oromis quietly.

Eragon turned around angrily, for realizing that he was sent away when he should have been helping. "We need to go back right now!"

Oromis nodded. "Now will be a good time."

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The marines watched as the Covenant ship deployed its gravity lift. Still about three miles away on a hill, using the sniper rifles' night vision scope, they saw as Covenant troops unloaded. What they didn't expect was the fact that some Covenant fell, apparently dead, and the rest open up on the surrounding forest. Stray plasma bolts set some trees on fire.

Everybody knew what it meant. Skipper jumped forward and started running towards the ship. "Come on, there are humans down there!" he called to the rest of the marines.

The Chief kept an easy pace with the Marines, who were flat out sprinting, avoiding trees and roots that they can trip over. "Ranor, you and Ryan will cover us as snipers. Don't go into heavy combat." Ranor nodded as he ran and caught up to Ryan to tell him of their new job.

It wasn't that long of a run towards the gravity lift, and the Covenant soldiers under it. The Marines were invited to a party. They sure as hell are not missing it.

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Eragon and Oromis were only able to fight with their bows. Their first attempt at using swords resulted in having to crawl back as the whole creature army tried to blow their heads off. The elves had a hard time driving the intruders back. The only reason why they weren't overrun yet was because the majority of the army had their minds unshielded, and they lacked magicians.

The smaller creatures with odd triangles on their backs fell, along with birdlike ones holding light shields.

This did not keep the elves from wining. Large bipedal creatures did

have their minds shielded. Arrows were stopped by some sort of invisible amour, only visible when an arrow hit it, causing electricity to flare. Those were getting numerous on the clearing where the battle was fought. Worse, many elves were falling to these creatures' superior weaponry. More reinforcements kept gliding down the purple beam. The defenders' moral was really low. They would only be able to fight for a while before the intruders will be able to break free from being surrounded, and take over Ellesmera. Both Saphira and Glaedr used fire and their claws on the creatures that got too close to them. They were ignored completely.

Eragon watched in horror as a golden bipedal creature stepped off the purple beam, with a light sword in hand. It charged towards an elf that just shot it with an arrow. The elf took out its own sword and slashed at the creature, only to watch in horror as the strike was stopped by the shield. The creature slashed its sword, melting through the elf's sword, and impaling the elf in the stomach. Eragon closed his eyes in sorrow as the creature made an unmistakable laugh, tossing the elf's body aside.

It was about to proceed on a nearby elf when suddenly its head exploded. The Elves cheered.

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Ranor grinned as he blew Gold Sword Sucker to hell. Time to snipe more Elites. Hidden between two trees, it was almost impossible to spot him.

The main force of Marines spread out, eventually surrounding the Covenant. Someone blazed Under Cover of Night on the radio. But it was perfect, despite regulations.

As Foley shot his pig at a blue Elite, he shouted, "here's your serving of hot lead!"

Someone shouted "Frag out!" and tossed a grenade. It exploded, sending two Elites flying. Johnson laughed. "Look at them fly! Get 'em marines!"

The Chief was firing bursts from his Assault rifle, doing as much damage with as little ammo as possible. He remembered Skipper's Flash-Bang grenade. At night, it is even deadlier. The problem was that only the UNSC soldiers knew how they worked. No one else did. Laying down covering fire, he proceeded to tell everyone when they hear "Flash Bang," to duck and turn around, covering their eyes. At the end, he got to the Skipper.

"You still got that Flash Bang?" he asked.

"Excellent idea, Chief. You told them?" replied Skipper, referring to the locals. When the Chief nodded, he got out the Flash Bang.

An unusually large group of Covenant came down from the Gravity Lift, along with a few curses from the Marines. This was a good time for a bright surprise.

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Eragon fought as many of the creatures as he was able to handle. He was pondering on the message the Chief gave him. He was glad that the Marines came. The Chief was back, and he fought these Covenant before. His heart fell when he saw a big load of troops come down from the purple beam. One of them shot in his direction, hitting the Marine next to him. The same creature turned on him and unleashed ablaze of blue light. One of the lights hit his arm and he fell. He heard Saphira shout _Eragon!_. The Marine that was hit looked at him. "You hit, man?" Eragon looked at the Marine. He was surprised to see that the Marine was very young. No more than nineteen. Eragon shook his head and got up. And then he heard it. "Flash Bang!"

He jumped into a nearby crater and covered his eyes. Even then, he saw a bright flash of white light, and a loud bang that made him deaf. He quickly got up and saw the new creatures running around blindly, some shooting anywhere that happened to be in front of them. It was pure chaos.

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Skipper placed his assault rifle into ready fire position and shot at the now stunned Covenant. He shouted into the radio, "Now! Take out as many as you can!" as all the Marines opened up on the Covenant. The Covenant all dropped to the ground. The marines' fire had one problem: Tincan shouted: "I'm out! I'm out of ammo!"

Jones shouted back, "Get some more!"

Tincan looked around. Nothing. There was only one way to get more ammo. He hated doing it. "Cover me!" As another nearby Marine layed down covering fire, Tincan rushed out into the open and scooped up as many Covenant guns as he was able to. Plasma fire flew all around him. As he half ran, half hopped back, all the time muttering, "Shit! Shit! Shit!" Tincan prayed thankfully to the gods of Lousy Covenant Sharpshooting.

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Oromis saw one of the new humans run into the open and collect the creatures' weaponry. It gave him an idea. _Glaedr._

Hmm?

You know how the creatures are not attacking you? Go and get their weapons. Hand them over to the other elves. It will certainly change the outcome of this battle.

He spread his consciousness until he was able to contact Eragon. _Tell Saphira to collect the creatures' weaponry and give them to the elves. The creatures don't attack dragons._

Eragon told Saphira what to do. He marveled at the fact that the creatures did not in fact attack her or Glaedr. He grabbed a big U-shaped purple one. A marine nearby saw what he was doing ad quickly told him how to use it. Eragon relayed the message to the Elves. With the combined attack o the Elves and humans, the rest of the creatures fell.

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None were left standing, providing a moment of respite. Skipper radioed the Marines, "Hold your fire, men. Anyone hit?"

Most were affirmatives, except for Gordon, who was discovered to have gone deaf after using his pig so much. Locklear stood too close to a plasma grenade and had his side burned., but Eva reported that Igor received a bad shot in the chest.

Skipper was shocked that so few were hit, but then he remembered that all of them made it through Halo, and they caught the Covenant by surprise, as unknown reinforcements. Still something felt wrong. He radioed in to Cortana. "Something is not right, Cortana. This should not have been a cakewalk. I'm not sure about sending my men to the gravity lift."

Cortana replied quickly. "The Covenant did not come to fight. Remember that they were looking for those powers. They did not come with a sufficient force."

A cry of "Contact!" broke the silence. The gravity lift dropped off a fresh load of troops. Skipper watched in disbelief as the Grunts and Jackals suddenly dropped dead. Locklear, who was fighting next to an elf, stuttered, "Did you just see... They just fell over..." The elf just smiled and proceeded to shoot the Elites with arrows.

The Chief saw a huge pile of plasma grenades next to the Covenant soldiers. He tossed a frag grenade on it. The resulting chain reaction sent Elites flying, and a huge crater in the ground.

The gravity lift did not send in more Covenant. Cortana radioed in. "The Covenant aren't using the radio anymore. Something is not right..."

Skipper knew it was now or never. "Everyone into the grav lift! On the double!"

Only a few Marines made it to gravity lift before the drone of a Covenant dropship inserted itself to the noise. Worse, it sounded like there were many. One dropship flew from above the treetops and started spraying the area with plasma fire. Skipper frantically shouted into the radio. "Pull back! Get in cover! Anyone have any anti-amour weapons?"

Rogers was one of the marines on the gravity lift when the dropship came. He heard Skipper order the pull back command and started sprinting towards the cover of the trees. The area was ablaze with purple-white plasma fire from dropships. He knew something was wrong when he lost feeling of his right leg. He fell and looked at what used to be his leg. A dropship landed next to him and deposited a fresh load of Elites. He gritted his teeth and pushed himself upright. He heard Skipper telling him to get down but ignored him. He only concentrated at one thought: He is going down. The Covenant assholes in front of him are going to regret messing with him. Rogers tossed his last grenade at the bunch but missed. The grenade landed somewhere inside the dropship. The vehicle exploded in a huge fireball, but its cargo was already on the ground. He yelled as loud as he can as he shot the Elites with both his assault rifle and pistol sidearm. He felt satisfaction as one blue Elite fell beneath the onslaught. It was the last thing he knew before a plasma bolt took his life.

Foley closed his eyes in pain. He just saw his friend cut down by a dropship load of Elites. The same thing isn't going to happen to him. Using controlled bursts, he cut down an Elite that was taking fire from another two marines. He noticed one vital thing: "Skipper," he radioed in, "The Covenant are not sending grunts or jackals anymore. Only Elites."

Skipper radioed back. "I noticed it too. I just hope that this is the last of their force. We can't take much more abuse." Two dropships were knocked out from the skies. One being the one that Rogers took on all by himself.

The gravity lift shimmered and died. The Covenant ship started to move. Johnson looked at it and shouted, "That's right, you mothers! You mess with me. and you pay for it!"

Cortana picked up chatter on the Covenant battle net. "They're retreating! The Covenant have run out of forces!"

The Marines cheered and waved their weapons in the air. Some went and spread the word to the elves. Ranor and Ryan ran to the marines. Both were grinning and joined with the high fiving and knuckle punches.

Polaski rejoiced, but soon stopped. "There goes our ticket home, guys," she muttered over the radio.

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Eragon, upon receiving word that the Covenant were retreating smiled. Quickly healing the burn on his arm he ran to Saphira, hugging her. She wrapped her neck around him. He noticed that the cheering suddenly stopped. He went over to the Chief. "Something is wrong. Isn't it?"

"No. Nothing is wrong."

Eragon knew it was not the case.

Oromis came over. "It looks like you owe us an explanation."

The Chief looked at the burning wreckage of the two dropships, to the countless Covenant bodies, to the burning forest, and finally to the now depressed Marines. "yes," he finished. "It looks like we owe you that explanation."

Spook- spy. Haverson was most likely a secret part of the Pillar of Autumn's mission. Spy on the Covenant home world, probably.

Pig- heavy machine gun. Also called Squad Automatic Weapon. I have a personal joke that goes like this: I "SAW" you. (unleash a burst from a pig). The pig dates back to Vietnam, but the nickname traveled with time.

Eurah- the marine battle cry. Not even they know how to spell it. SOOOO it means that I DID NOT MISSPELL it. The spelling is one of those unsolved mysteries, like the origin of the name Jeep.

12. Greenery is not that good for you

AN: I'M BACK FROM THE DEAD!!

For how long, I don't know though. This thing took such a long time because the chapter was very hard to write. I had so many ideas that I simply couldn't make all of them fit. Others I tried didn't come out well on writing. This repeated pattern of deletion caused me to grow lazy... Wow. Two years break...

I hoped that it was going to be a fun chapter (because of all the ideas), but it turned into a form of torture. But I finished so yey. I really hope that the next chapters will go by quicker.

On the good side is that with a new, and powerful, computer, I won't have to worry about computer troubles again.

I'm being very liberal in the technology here, you will notice some of it, and some of it was already presented (nuclear warthogs).

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or Eragon.

PM me if you think this should go into the Inheritance Cycle section. But my arguments for Halo are: 1. The POV is mainly on the Marines, but sometimes shifts to the Inheritance characters. The next one (I'm planing on a sequel) will definitely be Halo.

Chapter 12: Greenery is not that good for you

This is unacceptable, one ship was not enough last time, why should two be victorious this time?

You will continue as planned, but you will strike the humans when they won't be able to fight back. The first ship will attack, while yours will stay in orbit observing. The brutes will accompany you and watch over you to ensure victory. Try to collect data on the powers the inhabitants posses. These are different humans, numerous reports from our spy drones showed that these humans are not aligned as one. They fight each other, as these vermin always do. Strike their armies when they're weak. When they are fighting each other. The Council gives you two ships because many are required for Regret's expedition to the holy world that we discovered coordinates of. More ships are to be prepared for the exploration of the planet system we discovered that is a remnant of the gods.

***But noble Hierarch, what of the worriers? All unshielded fighters died before they harmed a single human, at a normal engagement, we would have been victorious." **

Are you sure your not suffering from battlefield hysteria?

Only the *Sangheili were able to stand at all without the aid of our gravity lift. The others fell where they landed. They died before they got to breath the world's air.***

***Then you will only get Sangheili as your worriers, commander. The Brutes will accompany you on your ship, for they will watch how you

perform this time, but they won't fight on the ground, for, if you speak truth, they will fall instantly. We cannot risk them in open combat for the very reason that you just gave."**

"**Yes, noble Hierarch, I understand, for my failer is significant, and I will pay for it. Your words are holy and just. But with the Brutes accompanying this campaign, failer is guaranteed. All they ****seek is bloodshed and war, they will not plan for victory, only mindless brawls. Their plans ****involve the quickest way into a fight, but not how to win one. We ****Sangheili have fought by your ****side for many a millennium, and will continue as such.*****"

"**My decision is final, commander. The Brutes will come, and you will succeed. Once you return, we will continue in our quest of the human's annihilation. With these Forerunner powers, not even the Demon will stop us. Do know that you will come back victorious. Or you will not return at all. Now be gone, I have more important things to do."**

The Chief tried to find good way to start explaining. "These are the Covenant," he said, "They are a band of various species held together by a single religion. One that dictates the destruction of the human race."

A local asked why.

"Ask them. But they will kill you first."

Haverson walked over. "The only message we ever received from them was 'Your destruction is the will of the gods. And we are their instrument.' Right after sending it, they attacked. We went to war, and are fighting for over thirty years now."

"Thirty years? How long can a war be fought, against that large floating . . .?"

"Cruiser, and the war will not last much longer. They are winning. We are stretched so thinly, we need every last space faring ship we have. We came to this forest because the Covenant did. We need their ship to return to our home."

The old local asked in a calm voice, "Then how did you get here originally?"

Haverson hesitated. "We don't know. Before we got here... no, even before that, we were stationed on a colony turned military base named Reach. We were assigned on a top secret mission, which I cannot tell you about. Right as we were about to set off, the Covenant made a surprise attack. They brought the largest fleet anyone ever saw," he paused. "We are better than the Covenant on the ground. But up there in space," he pointed at the night sky, "Their ships are much more technologically advanced than ours. Only a few times has a human fleet won while outnumbered. The battle over Reach was quickly lost, and we had to flee." Haverson noticed the shocked faces of the locals, but chose to continue. "In order to confuse the Covenant on the location of our homeworld, ships flee a lost battle in random directions, to keep them guessing. We didn't exactly follow that. In a previous battle we recovered what can be described like a map from the Covenant. It told of a single, unexplored location. We went

there. And we got to something very unusual. It is better for you to see it."

Haverson took out a combat computer. He then proceeded to show and explain various recordings of Halo, the battle on the surface... and the flood. "We had no choice but to sacrifice our way home in order to destroy Halo." He showed his last recording in the sector "looking out from a pelican as a blast fractured a section of Halo, and the ring falling apart do to the loss of gravitational stability. "What happens next, I cannot explain," Haverson said as the recording got enveloped in golden light, and clearing to reveal a grassy plain next to a large river. Haverson stopped the recording then. "This is your world as I first saw it. And it is also very strange," he nodded at the dragons. "Dragons and magic are common in our fiction, no matter how old. But they were never proven to exist until now."

the old local looked at the golden dragon. "It seems," he said, "that two very different worlds have met. The results are very amazing. Your human kind seem to be most advanced in the creation of machines, while not knowing of magic. We on the other hand used magic for as long as we knew of existence, while remaining far behind in invention. Very interesting indeed." He looked at the chief, "But there does seem to be some overlap. I can't sense this one's presence. And those flood? Are you sure they are destroyed? I doubt that anyone can stop them if they are free."

"You mean that mind reading stuff that you magicians can do? And I thought that the flood took first place in weirdness, but they now have second. Which means stay out of mine, or there'll be hell to pay." Locklear clearly didn't like the idea of crazy mind reading people running around loose.

Haverson waved him off. "It doesn't matter anyways. We need to go back. Leave this forest to be able to catch the Covenant when they come back. This place didn't work out, so they will try another."

The old local frowned. "I'm afraid that we can't allow you to leave," he said.

"Why not?"

Some days later...

Flying just over the treetops, Cookie turned on the radio and said, "Get out of the way and put out the fire. The flyboy is coming to town." This was the signal that the expedition to the Empire plains was a success and all known UNSC equipment was either stored next to the city Ellesmera, or currently airborne on either the longsword or two pelicans, five minutes until Ellesmera.

Not willing to risk the empire getting its hands on UNSC tech, the elves allowed five UNSC personnel to leave the forest and retrieve everything. The longest part was going through the forest on foot. Time spent in Empire territory summed up to a short three days. Two of which took driving nonstop towards the cache next to the aircraft at max speed. Which was the second reason why horses were not used. Not to mention on one in the expedition knew how to ride.

Barley five minutes later, Cookie set the longsword down in the clearing where the battle took place. An elf escort that had to come along with them looked grateful to be back on solid ground. The large, trans-atmospheric fighter took most of the available space, but the two pelicans were small enough to fit in the gaps between the trees and the longsword. Cookie lowered the ramp and got off the aircraft. He noticed elves surrounding the area to look at the aircraft. The escort ran off, saying how he had to report to the queen.

Then the kid, Eragon came over, the blue dragon nearby. "Why is it so big?" Eragon asked.

Cookie smiled through his flight helmet. "That's because it was made to fit the two engines. And those are required to be powerful enough to escape the atmosphere and reach Earth-orbital escape velocity."

"What?"

"Errm... Listen, kid, it's hard to explain, but simply put it's a very fast speed that..."

Eragon cut him off. "I don't have time right now. But I came here to tell you that the queen wants to talk to you as soon as you can."

Cookie looked at the human. He looked frail and weak, but at the same time fit and strong. Wit ha shrug, he proceeded to take care of all the new equipment that was brought along.

Something caught his eye. It was a book, one of the elves was holding a book that was written in their language.

"Hey, can I see that?" he asked. Looking at the writing, he thought that something looked familiar. It was the writing: It was very similar to glyphs that the Covenant used and the few he saw on Halo.

Later, having gotten a book that hew was allowed to keep, Cortana translated it to the best of her knowledge. The translation didn't get anything but some random words. So they tried another test. Taking a piece of Covenant writing they copied on a paper, they had an elf try to read it. Again, the results were useless, with the elf unable to translate except for random words. And that information was decoded Covenant script captured and kept on board the Pillar of Autumn until it was removed. The original, Cortana was able to translate.

The meeting with the queen was about an elf celebration that happens every hundred years. It was custom for everyone attending to give something, weather it be a story, a poem, or something more solid. The marines warned of Covenant attack because as the queen described the celebration: "It is our most magical of occasions." Skipper said that a ship was already in orbit and waiting for something to happen. "And they never give up once they have their sights on an objective." he said. In the end, it was agreed that half the marines will look

out for Covenant while the other half comes to the celebration. The two groups will switch every four hours. As for the celebration gifts, the marines don't have to due to the sudden notice and their military condition, referring to the marines' state of combat readiness, which was applied due to the possibility of sudden Covenant attack, hampering any "civilian" activity. Such as making gifts.

And the elves started to arrive by the hundreds. It was a few days before the celebration All of them seemed to want to meet the kid and the dragon. Johnson said that made UNSC just a four letter word. And the curious technology just something the humans use. "And we were kindly forbidden to fly," he continued, "But f**k that. We own the skies. Our aircraft outnumber theirs three to two." Three UNSC craft, two dragons. But all the marines can do was wait.

Burton was one of the members of the half that got guard duty when the celebration started. Ignoring the loud sound behind him, he waited in a warthog, with a radio telling him of progress from the other guard members as they kept a lookout. Cortana scanned Covenant radio traffic for anything suspicious.

Unknown to the elves, but the longsword and a pelican were kept on constant alert, ready to take off at a moment's notice. He expected an attack any second, especially since Covenant radio traffic was buzzing with activity, which Cortana said was plans for attacking. While previously fed fresh elven food, Skipper had everyone grab all left over rations so that food won't smell, and won't spoil during a long wait, and the marines won't have to leave if their hungry. For some reason, darkness was coming sooner than expected. And he felt very nauseated.

Two hours later, he wasn't able to handle it anymore. "Guys," he said over the radio, "I'm not feeling to good."

The reply confused him even more. Almost all the guards were also sick in various stages. Only the pilots and the Chief reported no sickness. Which happened to be the only people with full-head helmets.

"Something is not right," Reported Skipper, "The locals might know what is wrong. I'll go ask them."

Skipper went towards the celebration, which was very noisy, but for some reason followed a musical pattern. Heading closer to it, he realized that he was no longer in control of his own body. He was being pulled towards the center of the celebration, and getting worse by the minute. Which was made worse in that the harder he tried to turn around, the more sick he got, and the less control remained with him. Being a marine, he was trained not to panic, but staying calm didn't help. Ahead of him, he saw outlines of locals, all merry and celebrating. None of them paid any attention to him.

Nearing the clearing that circled a very large tree, Skipper was no longer seeing any color. His breathing was now in gasps, and he was sweating hard. He no longer knew which direction was up or down. Spotting Polaski, who was in the group that was attending the celebration, he managed to gasp out "Something's wrong" before he too, passed out.

Skipper woke up to the lights of the inside of the pelican rear seating area. The hatch was closed, and the entire aircraft was fully vacume sealed. Cookie was siting next to him, asleep. Skipper nudged him awake, and Cookie smiled at him. "About time you woke up, skipper," he said, "We'll have to refill the air compressors in half an hour. It's a good thing that all those grunts died with the methane bladders intact, we need the fuel.* Yeah, so we talked with the elves. They said that all non-magical creatures get affected during their celebrations, but they didn't expect such reaction from all the way back here. This scared them a lot. So they placed these things they call wards around everyone so that the magical effects are neutralized. That's why the other half didn't have anything wrong with them." Cookie paused, and muttered something about magic on magic to get no magic. "They also said that they never heard of a negative reaction to magic, but based on what happened here, it's different. I guess that's what happens to people when they meet magic for the first time."

Skipper sat up. Already he was feeling much better. "What about the Covenant?" he asked.

"Oh them, yeah they won't be coming down. Apparently they found out about the hostility between the Empire and the others, so they're waiting for them to start fighting and eliminate the armies. And their leaders won't allow any more failers, so the Covenant aren't taking any chances here. And Cortana got some coded coordinates, so right now she has reserved part of her computing to decode them. She says that the Covenant believe the coordinates lead somewhere important."

"So where are everyone now, then?"

"They went down to the celebration. With the protection, they simply waited until they felt better and left. But their armed, so don't worry. And you should go there to, I don't see why not."

The last thing Skipper wanted to do was go back to the celebration, but he did feel better, and everyone else were there already. Getting nearer, he worried that he might get sick again. But instead, he got out of the trees to the clearing. Sure enough, every other marine was there, with one warthog parked at the edge of the tree line, playing music. "So, how is it?" he asked.

After cries of "Hey, the Skip's back!" Locklear said, "Well, the music is not bad, until you get sick from it in about half an hour, everyone talk in another language, and all we do is stand around here. But other than that, it's just fine." The answer made others laugh. "But the queen says that we can join in. Although non of us know how to use those musical instruments, she said we can introduce our own if we want. The more it tells about us, the better." he motioned at the warthog.

The song was playing a song that Skipper didn't recognize. It sounded very old to him, until he remembered that everything the marines had was over a century old or very new. But listening to the words, he had to agree that it fit the marines' mood. "... and every stranger's face I see reminds me that I long to be: homeward bound. I wish I was, homeward bound..." They made him smile, because his greatest worry was the low moral the marines were experiencing. They all wanted to be back with the UNSC and fighting, not sitting around

isolated.

A few elves came to them. "What strange music you have," one of them said. Is there any way of getting it to where others can hear it?"

Burton said sure and turned up the volume. "...Homeward bound. I wish I was, homeward bound..."

Being able to hear, almost all the elves stopped what they were doing to stare at the marines. The queen came out of nowhere, just appearing out of the shadows. "You humans are certainly full of surprises." She laughed, making a very strange, but strangely, natural sound. "If you feel like it, continue, for we would love to hear the sounds of your culture."

As she left, Polaski added an "s" to the queen's statement for correction. Locklear said, "you know, I really do feel like I wish I was homeward bound." His statement caused others to laugh.

Sure enough, the elves continued with their music, but allowed the warthog to always be heard. Even when the not so pleasant songs were playing. Like Johnson's flip.

For their gifts, each individual marine went up to the tree and gave a poem, story, or as in Evan's case, he burrowed a musical instrument that closest resembled a guitar and sang a song he said he created in secondary school. The only trouble was with the chief, who admitted that being trained for war for one's entire lifetime didn't help in the arts. But he managed without trouble when the time came.

Every being that attended the celebration came to listen to the queen's and her daughter's works. The marines had no choice... They weren't even able to understand anything due to the language gap. The dragon's gifts were amazing for being created by creatures with no hands.

When Eragon gave his narrative poem, Tiptritz remarked that things that get killed shouldn't go on living. But for someone heavily preoccupied with secretive training, he did well.

At the ending of the celebration, all the elves came closer in eager anticipation. The marines instead retreated into the forest to aircraft, where Cortana told them of what she had decoded, and of Covenant activity, which was rising sharply.

The Chief afterwards went to tell the queen of the news.

"Where have you gone, and right at the most important part of the..."

The chief cut her off. "We have to leave," he said in a stern voice. It hid a faint shadow of fear. Ignoring the queen's look of anger at the statement, he repeated. "We have to leave. Now. There is other option. Nothing you can do or say will stop us."

All the queen was able to say at the definite action of defiance was ask "Why? We have allowed you to live in peace within this forest. We gave you shelter..."

"And we are grateful for it. It is not about you nor the empire. The Covenant have two ships in orbit. One of them is coming down to the atmosphere to attack. Not here but far south, in the plains region. We need the ship right now. Because," he paused.

Raising his head so that his faceplate was parallel with the queen's face, he finished in a voice that didn't belong to him. "Because the Covenant have found the location of our homeworld, Earth."

*Methane rocket engines: real and in development. Natural gas is always a good source of energy. So I plead to literary license for changing the engines from the oil guzzlers they were that Bungie had them as. A methane flame looks just like color as the pelicans emit from their engines (Halo 1), so it is safe to ASSUME that they CAN use methane. As I do believe in progressing technology, I use right of literary license for claiming that the aircraft engines are able to run on natural gas. At least, the engines should be compatible to be able to use combustible gas as fuel. Like diesel engines using vegetable oil.*** [.gov/headlines/y2007/04may_](http://www.gov/headlines/y2007/04may_)

13. I think We're Just Getting Started

AN: Swearing. Finally, the last chapter. :) I must say, after a two year break, along with another half-year break, I can say I got a bit faster at updating. *cough*

Longest chapter yet with me. :)

Chapter 13: I Think We're Just Getting Started

"**The two armies have met. Now all we need to do is wait for them to start fighting, and we will finish them off. Once they are burning, we will proceed to excavate probable locations for the source of the power.**"

"**You don't have much time, so don't wait long to commence, Commander. Remember, leave your ship in orbit. You will not fight after your... failure. The other ship will do the fighting. The hierarchs have requested that you do no more than observe this engagement.**"

"**And the brutes? Why do they have the highest control in this mission? They do not know of careful planning. Anything they do will end up in unhonorable bloodshed of the excess.**"

"**I believe that they are more than capable. You will have most control of the ground troops, but in the end, you answer to them, and they answer to me.**"

Burton sat on top of a pelican, talking with Skipper.

"So what prevents us from leaving right now? The elves are already mad as hell at us, we are the only humans left here, and we are able to leave at a moment's notice. The sooner we can capture the ship, the sooner we will be able to get back to Earth and warn them. Jesus, why won't the Covenant do something already? I'm tired of sitting around here doing nothing."

Burton was voicing the mood of most of the marines since the festival. Even with Earth under threat, they could only wait. After an agonizing two weeks, Eragon left, leaving them behind, but not before being given a radio and told to use it if he spotted the Covenant or heard of their whereabouts. When he left, the marines loaded up the Pelicans with warthogs, which only meant two, and all the rest of the human weapons in the overhead compartments. Anything Covenant or that didn't fit inside a pelican was placed inside the large crater where the Covenant gravity lift used to be in the first battle. The large pile was then unceremoniously detonated, which was why the elves were angry at the marines. The crater, which the forest had barely started to reclaim, was now even bigger, mixed with bits of broken metal and what ever might have melted in the high temperatures following the simultaneous failure of multitudes of Covenant batteries. And now it was all covered underneath the pelicans and larger longsword fighter.

Skipper sighed, leaning back on the top of the pelican. "Because we might need to come back here one day, and I would not want to fight a war with the elves just because we made a hole in their home and ran away. Besides, there is no way that we will be able to take on a Covenant ship without a distraction. But I do want to leave, this place is making me go mad. Sometimes I feel like all that will end the war is for us to get back to Earth, and that the end is very near."

Burton laughed. "Hey, if we get back, I'm going to run as far and fast as I can, just for the sheer lack of reason for it. Then I'm going to grab the nearest car and floor it down a motorway, eating a whole lot of meat and anything not vegetable, and just try to erase my memory of this place. And if the cops stop me and ask me why I did it, I will ask them 'why not'?"

Skipper snorted, then turned grim. "Even if we get the ship, I don't think we will be able to find our way back. Did you notice how few stars there are at night? I don't think that we are anywhere near our branch of the galaxy. If anything, I think that this planet is somewhere in the edge. Either way. Us nineteen taking on a Covenant ship. I will be satisfied with that as revenge for Reach. Especially if we use the ship against the Covenant."

Burton said, "We will find our way back. I'm sure the Covenant have stored at least some coordinates we can use to get back. I'm sure they have those for Harvest, or Reach, or some other glassed hellhole that we know the location of in relation to Earth."

Skipper swore under his breath as what looked like an elf official spotted them. The elf frowned at the crushed plant life under the pelican's landing gear before jumping on top of it and saying "The queen requests your audience as soon as you have time for her."

Skipper jumped down and asked "What does she want, chop off our heads? Or is she planning something slower?"

The elf said nothing, silently leading Skipper to the city. The place seemed deserted, even for before the celebration. Or maybe it was simply that the elves were avoiding human contact.

Queen IslanzadÃ- sat on her throne, looking impatient. Like any elf that talked to someone they would rather not waste time with, she got down to the point. "Human, tell me, how long are you going to tolerate waiting?" Apparently, getting to the point did not involve using names.

"We don't know. Earth is in danger of being invaded, and we need to warn it. The only way to do that is to steal a Covenant ship. However, we don't have enough people to safely do that at a random time. We will need to attack when the Covenant are distracted. We know that they are planning to attack the human armies fighting your war. I believe that is the best time to try and steal the ship. The only way is to invade its inside, so it is best to have as much of the Covenant away from the ship as possible. Once it is under our control, we will be able to use the ship against the Covenant and then return home. Also, while they have never given up before, their communications revealed that they will not stay if their attempt fails. By taking the ship, we will also make sure that the Covenant will not attack with a larger force."

IslanzadÃ- nodded. "Your plan makes sense, but what about the Varden and the empire soldiers? You will just leave them to be slaughtered?"

"No. With most of the Covenant forces not inside the ship, it will be better to only send in a small strike team to steal the ship. The rest of us will try and organize the two armies so that they will be able to most effectively fight back. It's going to be a slaughter. Many humans will die, but it's the only hope this planet has. I also believe that if we outnumber the Covenant by a large factor, it will not end in defeat, ship stolen or not. Our aircraft will fight the Covenant air forces and otherwise circle in the air and observe from above. I will remain in one of them and I will be able to tell the others where it is best to fight and how. On the ground it will be just plain confusion."

The queen nodded again. "As much as I must insist that you remain here, I know that soon you will leave with or without my consent. Which is why I give you permission to leave. The Covenant endanger all of us, and you know how to fight them. We cannot afford to fight to enemies at one time. Galbatorix is trouble enough without the Covenant coming in."

Skipper made a small noise, clearly nervous. IslanzadÃ- asked "what was that?"

Skipper looked down. "It's about your war. With the empire. My men and I have been talking it over, and we all agree, but I just don't think that it's a good idea for it to continue." IslanzadÃ- glared at him. Clearly angry. Before she can murder him, Skipper continued quickly. "I know that you have your reasons for fighting the war, but now that you know what the Covenant are, it will be a bad thing to continue being divided. I'm sure that there is a way to reason with

Galbatorix. He may be mad, but he is a human. When Earth started colonizing other worlds, war was no longer needed. The human race was united as one. There were some people who chose to separate and fight, but there were never enough to form their own nation. Then the Covenant were discovered. When word of the destruction of Harvest colony reached Earth, even those separatists rejoined Earth in the fight against the Covenant. As far as anyone knew, humanity was fully united for more than thirty years, and largely united for far longer than that. Then we got here. I know that the humans from this world are different, though in what ways I don't know. However, as a human knowing what the Covenant can do, I ask you that you consider ending this conflict peacefully. It is bad enough for humans to face extinction without helping speed up the process."

IslanzadÃ- didn't seem to be paying much attention to Skipper's message, but when he mentioned extinction, her eyes focused on him. "Is the war going that badly?" After Skipper slowly nodded, she said, "I fear that there will be no easy way to end hostilities with the Empire. Worse, I fear that they will only end at the capital's gates. However, I shall not stop you from trying yourself to cease hostilities, despite wishing very hard that you will not. Galbatorix must be punished for his crimes, especially for those against the dragons. Go now, and may you defeat the Covenant in combat." This was the closest thing IslanzadÃ- will give for good luck, so Skipper left.

When he got out into the open, he radioed everyone. "Everyone, this is it. Burn the tires and light the fires, we're leaving. It's time to take the fight to the Covenant." He could already hear the other marines cheering.

* * *

><p>By the time all the marines were loaded up in the pelicans, a large group of elves assembled at the edge of the clearing, watching as the machines started up. The down thrust from the engines created ripples in the grass below the aircraft. Inside one of the Pelican's cockpits, Skipper strapped himself in the spare seat behind Polaski and Igor. "How many of them expect us to go through the trees? Look." In front of the aircraft, the elves left a sizable gap in their circle.<p>

Instead of charging at the trees, the three aircraft rose into the air. Skipper saw that outside, a few of the elves looked shocked. "I thought they knew that we can fly. Why the big deal?"

Polaski replied, "We can fly. They can't. Remember, they know that dragons and birds fly, and that's it. Machines don't fly as far as they are concerned. And not all of them were here when we flew in. I say that we are quite a sight right now."

At that, the three aircraft turned and flew away, leaving the city behind. Polaski saw a contact on the radar, a few miles away. "Say, Skip, mind if we buzz Goldie?"

Skipper was sitting behind Polaski in the crew chief's chair, but didn't know to look down, and instead scanned the sky. "Who? Oh, the gold dragon. I don't even know where it is."

Polaski pointed at the radar. "Just over there. It's even in our

direction." Applying a bit more thrust, the pelican accelerated south. A few short minutes later, the golden dragon was visible as a speck in the sky.

The only people inside the Longsword fighter were Cookie and the Chief as a copilot. Cookie had his own ideas. "I'm going to have some fun. Been a long time since I did." he said. Out-accelerating the two Pelicans, he piloted the Longsword and braked sharply just above the gold dragon, which noticed them and climbed towards the longsword. The two were almost identical in size. Cookie, not worried about passengers that might get airsick, flipped his aircraft over, so that the top faced the dragon.

"Is this your idea of fun, Paterson?" Asked Cortana.

"I'm going to crack myself up." replied Cookie, rightening himself up, but not before shaking the Longsword like it was in heavy turbulence.

_A very amusing way to leave. _It was clearly the elf on top of the dragon that said it, and directly inside Cookie's head.

"Fucking oldie." Muttered Cookie under his breath. "Come on, let's get out of here. I want to see something other than green."

The aircraft continued were about to leave when the radio squawked to life. It was Eragon, sounding scared. "The Covenant are attacking. People are dying everywhere. We need your help. They have machines flying around killing many, and others..." Sounds of war came from the radio.

Skipper tuned fully serious at this. "Hang tight. We're already leaving. Organize the armies to swarm the Covenant. Your only chance is to surround them, you hear me?" There was no reply.

Good luck, came the voice of the elf riding the golden dragon as the three aircraft accelerated towards the source of the radio call. With the engines of the Pelicans fully powered up, the aircraft creamed towards their destination, quickly surpassing the speed of sound.* Cookie carefully aligned the longsword with Polaski's Pelican. "Insertion team, get in," he called up.

As soon as Locklear, Skipper, Burton, and Johnson climbed into the longsword, Cookie sealed the hatch and disconnected from the pelican. Without looking back, Cookie said "As soon as you guys are inside the ship I will leave and provide air cover. You'll be on your own from then on."

Minutes crept painfully slowly, progress only marked by the blurry ground below and the blips on radar, slowly getting closer and ever closer... The radio turned on again when the aircraft were close to the fight, the ship was visible in the horizon. It was Eragon again. "Where are you? It's a massacre over here! We can't do anything. They are too strong..."

Skipper cut him off. "We're coming in hot. Hold on!" then to Cookie "get us inside that ship now."

"Yes sir." Without waiting for the pelicans behind him, Cookie burned fuel towards the large ship in front of the longsword.

He was able to avoid the Covenant Seraph fighters and dropships that were now heading towards the main battle. Most of the alien aircraft didn't try to turn around to chase the much faster human fighter. One Seraph did, but the process of turning around left it so slow that it had no hope of catching up.

Cookie saw an entrance for the Longsword. A hanger bay was still open and unshielded: banshees were exiting. "Get ready to exit," he told the insertion team. The humans inside braced themselves on whatever was available and the Chief gripped his seat. Right before entering the hanger bay he reversed the direction the longsword was pointing and applied full thrust to slow down, his seat pressed hard on his back from the g-forces, with the insertion team relying on their muscles to keep from flying backwards. As soon as the fighter stopped, the team was already exiting the longsword. "The sooner you take over the ship the better," Cookie told the now empty cockpit. Looking at the rear-viewing screens, he made sure that no human was in the path of the jet wash as he applied full thrust again. As the aircraft sped forward, Cookie opened up with the fighter's cannons on the few Covenant aircraft still docked inside. There weren't many. Cookie prepared mentally for the fight ahead. The insertion team was in the fight, and now it was his turn.

* * *

><p>Saphira ripped off another gun off a Covenant dropship in order to try and limit damage done from the air. Eragon saw her above, as he fought below, unable to do anything from the air. This was no battle like he was in before, or expected. A few thousand or Covenant troops were able to attack and defend from a joined total of almost two hundred thousand human soldiers. A large factor contributing was the Covenant technology. Covenant tanks were having a leisure killing tens of troops per shot from the main cannon, along with running over whoever managed to get close enough. From the air, Covenant aircraft were uncontested except for when Saphira managed to get close enough to rip off weapons, unable to destroy anything fully. The aircraft were numerous and the dragon only one.<p>

But Eragon had his own duty apart from madly rushing the Covenant. In the light of the attack, magicians on both the empire and Varden joined minds in order to coordinate the ground battle. So far, their efforts were only successful at killing a few Covenant troops. In this fight, all the Covenant troops were shielded.

As another attack failed, resulting in hundreds of human deaths, Eragon lost patience and used the radio to call the marines again. "We're coming in hot, hold on!" was all he got. Cursing them, he heard another noise in the sky and looked long enough just to see one of the human machines from the forest fly off away from the battle. The marines were running away! Eragon couldn't comprehend that action, but neither was he allowed the time to dwell on it. He suddenly found himself in the front line, able to see the aliens, as they casually killed humans without pausing at all. Worst of all was that the aliens were still far away. As quickly as the tide of humans pushed forwards, it was repelled back, leaving many dead behind.

Eragon tripped over a corpse and immediately started to get up, and he saw the ground spit dirt in the middle of the aliens. One of their

machines exploded, and the humans around him cheered, a few getting ripped up by plasma at the process. These armies were not prepared to fight the Covenant. His radio crackled, followed by a voice. It was Polaski. "Troops on the ground. I'm going to clear the skies."

Eragon jumped back to avoid the explosion of a grenade and saw another human machine lift up behind the human army and accelerate upwards towards the Covenant aircraft.

Soon enough, the first marines made their way through the mass of humans and attacked the Covenant. Despite the roar of battle, he heard a marine shout "if you want to live, follow me!" A few soldiers followed the marine, and Eragon decided to also follow. The marine knew what he was doing. Eragon hoped the marine knew what he was doing, for otherwise the battle was already lost.

* * *

><p>Polaski gunned down the dropship with the pelican's nose cannon before turning to circle the Covenant. Immediately she saw why the humans were unable to mount a lasting attack. Without any coordination, the humans followed one another, as one big mass. Which meant that they only attacked at one direction at a time, allowing the Covenant to defend with ease.<p>

"Stacker, get people to follow you east, one hundred meters."

"Roger that"

The HUD on her helmet was displaying the names and locations of marines as she looked at them, a vital tool in the large mass of people. She proceeded to tell the others where to move and launch a simultaneous attack from every direction. Her copilot Raynor could deal with airborne threats in the meantime.

* * *

><p>The Chief ran through the large corridors inside the Covenant ship. Inside, there was still plenty of opposition. So far he had yet to see a single elite, but there were plenty of other Covenant. Even a pair of hunters that nearly got Locklear. If there was going to be anymore, taking the ship would be impossible. He saw that the door in front of them was locked, so he turned around and lead the team down another corridor.<p>

"The Covenant presence here is stronger than I anticipated. They seem to have the entire ship secured."

The insertion team moved forwards, fighting an endless number of aliens. Only the fact that there were few targets to hit and that all fought through Halo did the team not suffer any casualties yet.

The marines came upon an intersection. The corridors were clear, but as soon as Burton crossed to the other side of the intersection, the air started spewing plasma rounds from a few cloaked enemies. Burton scrambled behind a crate he saw and hid under it as plasma flew passed his head.

"Burton to the right, we'll lay down covering fire!" shouted

Skipper.

Assault rifles opened up at the source of the plasma fire, and Burton bolted from his hiding place. Reaching the safer corner of the intersection, he turned and added his own fire to the mix. Soon, a pair of stealth elites fell.

The Chief went down the last unexplored path, taking down a small group of grunts, who panicked at the sight of him. The chief grunted as he came to another yet locked door. Johnson behind him grumbled about dead ends.

Cortana realized this and said, "That terminal over there, get me inside." The Chief inserted Cortana's chip into the holographic terminal, then took it out once she transferred out.

Cortana placed two nav points onto the HUD in his helmet. "The closer one leads to the engineering room. The other one leads to the command center." then she added a third nav point. "There are maintenance shafts in this ship. You can use them to move around the ship. The nearest entrance is just around the corner you came from. I'll see what I can do about the doors."

The maintenance shaft was tiny to say the least. The bulky Armour the Chief wore could barely fit inside. Except that there were no Covenant in the shafts. The chief lead the way to the first nav point. Crawling their way to the engineering room, or rather, above it, the Chief stopped and looked out for any Covenant. Neither visuals nor the motion tracker showed anything, so the team dropped down next to the engine controls.

Cortana let out a triumphant cry from the ship's systems. "I've cracked the door lock mechanisms. I can now lock all doors that don't lead to the command center."

A door in the engineering room beeped and opened, revealing a group of Covenant soldiers. The insertion team immediately opened fire, quickly dispatching the Covenant.

"Cortana, you said that you can lock all unnecessary doors?" asked Skipper irritably.

"yes, why?" Cortana seemed genuinely puzzled.

"Can you lock them now, or do I need to order you to?"

* * *

><p>Saphira landed besides Eragon so that he can climb on top of here. Taking advantage of the aliens' refusal to attack dragons, the two charged into the Covenant army. A loud roar penetrated the loud noise of battle. Eragon looked up to see a red dragon dive down for the attack on top of the alien forces.<p>

With the marine help and control, the humans were finally able to effectively surround the Covenant and start to press in. Despite still receiving heavy casualties, the Covenant realized they were losing the tide and fought harder. But it was too late.

Charging into the Covenant, Eragon jumped onto a tank. Finding the

hatch, he opened it, and filled the inside with fire from his magic. The hovering vehicle crashed onto the ground with the pilot dead and the controls fried.

Jumping down, Eragon saw two marines in a warthog circle around another tank trying to take it down. Far away, another marine was pressing in, leading a large group of soldiers.

* * *

><p>Harland fired burst from his assault rifle as he lead a group of soldiers to flank the Covenant. The aliens spotted the group and turned to attack the incoming humans. Two tanks and at least five ghost opened up. Humans started falling as quickly as they came.<p>

"You have to run! Get close and take them down!" shouted Harland. Next to him. A soldier got hit, screaming. Harland grabbed the fallen soldier and hoisted him up onto his soldiers. "I got you. You're going to be okay." He didn't register Polaski yelling at him to pull back as the Wraith tanks lobbed their plasma ordinance right on top of the humans. The soldiers next to Harland didn't need a second telling to turn around and run. Even still, the two plasma rounds crashed down on the humans, taking out the entire group.

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><p>Polaski took control of the pelican from Raynor when the humans started to mix in with the Covenant. It was only a matter of time before the Covenant got overwhelmed. At the corner of her eye, Raynor's blip died. Polaski was just able to see the explosions of two Wraith attacks. But then, one of the warthogs grabbed her attention. Jones must be a really good driver, because the warthog was weaving in and out of the Covenant, avoiding a dozed ghosts and even fire from a few shade stationary turrets.<p>

Something big and large swept past the Pelican's cockpit. Polaski turned to look at a red dragon dive at a stationary turret, tearing at the much smaller elite gunner. The turret fell silent.

Polaski looked for Jones' warthog and found it again. "Jones, turn right. Now!" Polaski frantically screamed as she saw that the warthog was heading straight towards a wraith tank. She watched as the warthog started to turn, but it was too late. It disappeared under a blue explosion from the wraith's cannon. Jones's and Foley's blips neutralized.

Looking up at the sky around her, Polaski turned to attack a Seraph fighter that was strafing the humans below.

That was when she got the call from Cortana. "All units. Pull back. Separate from the Covenant."

Soon afterwards, the humans below seemed to get the message and started to retreat. Even with the Covenant casualties high, most of their vehicles were still intact. The Covenant did not choose to peruse the retreating humans, instead, using their weapons to tear down more humans.

Polaski took the pelican and flew it away from the aliens as her

aircraft started to attract fire.

* * *

><p>Eragon found himself in the air as Saphira took off when the humans started to retreat. Next to him, the red dragon leveled off. The rider on it raised his sword at him. Eragon mirrored the gesture, hiding his confusion at the appearance of the red rider.<p>

A low but loud noise took over the sounds of battle. Eragon tuned to look and felt fear sweep through him as the Covenant ship moved to hover above the Covenant forces. _Saphira, move!_ He cried to his dragon.

As Saphira dived to gain airspeed to get away from the airborne behemoth, Eragon saw the cannons on the ship opened fire on the Covenant below. He heard his radio again. 'this is it. We've won. We have control of the ship. Taking care of the ground forces now.'

You've failed yet again, commander.

If we bring this ship down, we can still be victorious.

Maybe, but the hierarchs have other plans. Set a course to High Charity now.

You can't be serious, brute.

I am simply following orders, as should you. Now do as I say. You have the hierarchs to report to. Your failer is greater than I imagined.

The human armies erupted into cheers as the battle closed with their victory.

* * *

><p>"So I guess that you'll be leaving then." Asked Eragon to Skipper.<p>

Skipper came down from the ship and asked to hold a meeting with all remaining leaders of any important rank.

Skipper nodded. "Yes. Which is why I had this meeting. The Covenant have left, and I believe that they will not come back. Even still. You saw what happened today. Remember that this is nothing compared to what could have happed."

"Nothing? How can this be nothing?" one of the Alagaesian leaders asked angrily.

Skipper nearly lost his temper. "Because the Covenant could have simply glassed this entire world. You should consider yourself very lucky that you never saw that happen. Especially since you can only see it on the receiving end. And know this: If you get glassed, there is nothing you can do." Skipper lowered his tone. "I know that you came here to fight a war with each other. Today you fought side by side, and won. I now tell you to send your troops home. Let them go

and enjoy peace."

"Why should we do that, outlander?"

Skipper sighed. "Because the war is not yet over with the Covenant. If we lose, they will come here and glass the world. In which case it will be better having the troops enjoy their last few years before dying. And if we win, there is simply no reason for humans to fight one another. The Covenant should teach you at least that."

Skipper finished with, "So go and enjoy peace, something that we will not have for a while. Don't fight one another." He turned to Eragon. "I know that you hate Galbatorix. But you must find a way that will not mean war to settle your dispute. You of everyone here should understand that better than anyone here."

* * *

><p>The remaining marines assembled at the command center of the captured ship. The Chief looked at the marines. Harland, Jones, Foley, Gordon, Ryan, and Tipritz died in the battle. It was remarkable that no one else had died, or that the Covenant failed to eliminate any of the insertion team. The Alagaesian humans showed their gratitude by healing all the other wounded marines.<p>

After Skipper's talk, the leaders agreed not to fight. As the marines boarded the ship, the rest of the humans prepared to return to their homes. How long the peace would last no one knew.

Cortana made sure that the ship was secure by removing all the air from every single place in the ship that the humans did not occupy. All the Covenant remaining suffocated to death.

Skipper broke the silence. "Cortana, get us out of here. But first, let's give this place a large cremation." Below him, the ship's weapons fired on the ground, glassing the battlefield below. Skipper smiled. "We're done. We can go back to Earth now." He repeated himself. "We are finally done."

The Chief put his hand on Skipper's shoulder. "No I think we're just getting started."

"Where have I heard that before?" asked Cortana using the Chief's internal speakers as she took control of the ship and started Atmosphere escape procedures.

The End

*Just to be fair, the stated max speed of a pelican is 75 km/h. However both the pelican and longsword are able to reach Earth orbital escape velocity which is 40,000 km/h (Mach 25). Have fun choosing which is better for the UNSC. A slow crawler than can be outpaced by a car (and will never reach space) or an aircraft (more technically, a space shuttle by today's terms) that can outpace all but the most expensive and heavy rockets built today. Keep in mind that Halo is 500 years in the future.

** Currently I am planning a sequel. It will explain how magi works in a mundane universe and will also explain the whole "forerunner powers" thing this fanfic is named after.

End
file.